Canadian Catholic Readers

Second Book

The Copp, Clark Company, Limited
Toronto

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CANADIAN
CATHOLIC READERS.

THE NATIVITY.

Canadian Catholic Readers.

SECOND READER

APPROVED BY THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT FOR USE IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

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SECOND READER.

I.—WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

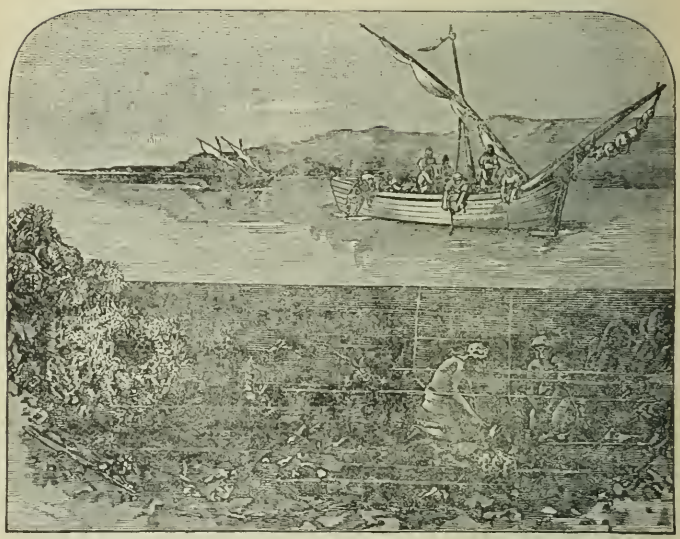
"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"
The north wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north begins to blow.

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"
The south wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"
The east wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"
The west wind, Bessie; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the west begins to blow.

I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see one and to read the other.



II.—SPONGE-FISHING.

"Where do sponges come from, I wonder," said Roy, as he sat by the window, cleaning his slate with a bit of fine sponge. "What are they made of?"

"Made of?" said Aunt Mary. "Why, they are the bones of animals."

"Why, what do you mean, Aunt Mary? I never saw any animals that looked like sponges."

"I suppose not," said Aunt Mary; "because they all grow on the bottom of the sea, and do not look then as they do when you see them."

"How do they look then?" said Roy.

"Well, they grow in many beautiful forms, of different sizes and shapes—like a cup, a top, a ball, and sometimes like branches of small trees.

"They have soft flesh, like jelly, which covers a bony frame-work of horny fibres. Some are red, some green, and others yellow."

"Then they must look like plants?" said Roy.

"Yes, but they are not plants. For a long time they were thought to be plants; but now, those who have watched them longest and with the greatest care, say that they are animals."

"How do they catch them?" said Roy, who began to think about the way fish are caught.

"If the water is not too deep, men stand in a boat over the place where they are growing, and tear them off the rocks below with long spears."

"But if the water is very deep?"

"Ah, that is the most interesting part of all. Then, men have to dive down to the bottom, and cut them off the rocks with sharp knives."

"Why, how can they do that?"

"They are trained to the work, and can easily

dive down to the bottom—a distance of sixty feet or more.

"When the boat is right over the place where the sponges grow, the diver takes a large rock, to which a rope is tied, and jumps into the water. "Down, down, down he goes, through the dark water, till at last he stands on the bottom.

"Once there, he works away as fast as he can, for it is not possible for him to stay under water longer than two minutes at one time. "He searches about among the rocks and cliffs, and cuts off, with great care, the nicest sponges he can find, and puts them under his arms, or into a sack.

"When he has gathered as many as he can, he pulls the rope, and the men in the boat haul him and his load of sponges up to the surface as quickly as possible."

"How do they get the flesh off?" said Roy.

"They bury them in the sand till the flesh decays, and then they wash them in acid and water, till they are clean and fit to sell."

Roy sat still for a long time, looking at the piece of sponge he had in his hand. At last he said softly, to himself, "Sponges, animals? No eyes, no ears, no hands? What funny things!"

III.—IF I WERE A BIRD.

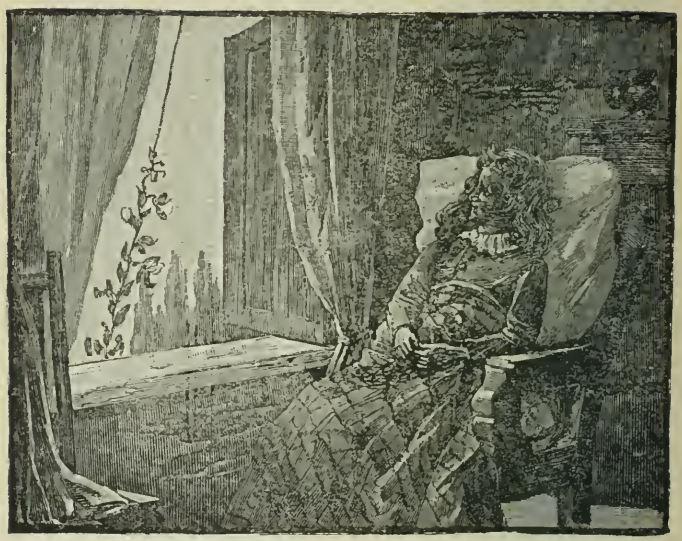
If I were a bird I would warble a song,
The sweetest and finest that ever was heard,
And build me a nest on the swinging elm-tree;
Oh! that's what I'd do if I were a bird.

If I were a flower I'd hasten to bloom,
And make myself beautiful all the day through,
With drinking the sunshine, the wind and the rain;
Oh! if I were a flower, that's what I'd do.

If I were a brook I would sparkle and dance
Among the green fields where sheep and lambs stray,
And call, "Little lambkins, come hither and drink;"
Oh! if I were a brook, that's what I would say.

If I were a star I would shine wide and bright,
To guide the lone sailor on ocean afar,
And traveller lost in the desert and woods;
Oh! that's what I'd do if I were a star.

Perhaps one little word from you
May cause life to look bright,
A little act of kindness, make
A brother's burden light;
A tear dropped for a sorrowing friend
May help to heal and cheer,
A smile will scatter sunshine
On some one's path so drear.



IV.—THE PEA BLOSSOM.

There were once five peas in one pod. They were green, and the pod was green; so they thought the whole world was green.

The sun shone and warmed the pod. It was mild and pleasant in the daytime, and dark at night, of course. The peas grew bigger and bigger. They thought a great deal, wondering what they should do by and by.

"Must we sit here forever?" asked one, "I

think there must be something outside of our shell. I am sure of it."

Weeks passed by. The peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow, too. "All the world is turning yellow," said they. Perhaps they were right.

Suddenly something pulled the pod. It was torn off and held in human hands. Then it was dropped into a jacket pocket, with other pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened," said one. "That is just what I want."

"I should like to know which one of us will travel farthest," said the smallest pea. "We shall soon see, now."

"What is to happen will happen," said the largest pea.

"Crack!" went the pod, as it burst. The five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was holding them fast. He said they were fine peas for his pea shooter. So saying, he put one in, and shot it forth.

"Now I am flying out into the wide world," said the pea. "Catch me if you can!" He was gone in a moment.

"I shall fly straight to the sun," said the

second pea. "That is a pod which will suit me exactly." Away he went.

"We shall go farther than the others," said the next two. And away they went.

"What is to happen will happen," said the last of the five, as he was shot out of the pea shooter.

As he spoke, he flew up against an old board, under a garret window. He fell into a crack, which was almost filled with moss and soft earth. The moss closed over him. There he lay, a little captive. But God saw him.

In the garret lived a poor woman. She went out every day to work for her living. She had one little daughter, who was very sick. All winter long the sick child lay in her bed, patient and quiet. She was alone all day, while her mother was away at work.

Spring came. One morning, early, the sun shone brightly through the little window. He threw his rays over the floor of the sick room. The mother was going to her work, when the child cried,—

"Oh, mother! look out of the window. What can that little, green thing be? It is moving in the wind."

The mother went to the window and opened it.

"Oh!" she said. "Here is a little pea growing

up. It has really taken root, and is putting out its green leaves. How could it have found its way into this crack? Now you will have a little garden to amuse you." So saying, the mother drew the bed nearer to the window, that the sick child might see the budding plant. Then she went to her work.

"Mother, I believe I shall get well," said the child, when her mother came home in the evening. "The sun has been so bright and warm to-day, and the little pea is growing so well. I think I shall get better, too, and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it!" said the mother, as she kissed her child. Then she brought a little stick to prop the tiny plant which had given her daughter such hope.

She tied a piece of string to the window sill, so that the little pea tendrils might twine round it when they grew up. Indeed, they seemed to grow from day to day.

"Here is a flower coming!" said the mother, one morning. And now she began to hope that her little girl would get well. The little girl raised her head to look at her garden, with its one pea plant.

A week after, she sat up for the first time, for

a whole hour. She was quite happy as she sat by her window in the warm sunshine, while the little pea plant on the roof bore one pink blossom. The child kissed the tender leaves gently. This was her Thanksgiving Day.

"Our Heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and made it grow and blossom to bring joy to you and hope to me, my blessed child," said the happy mother. And she smiled at the flower as if it had been an angel.

But what became of the other peas? Why, the one who cried, "Catch me, if you can!" fell on the roof of a house, and ended his days in the crop of a pigeon. The next two were also eaten by pigeons, so they were of some use. The fourth, who started to reach the sun, fell into the gutter.

The young girl stood at the garret window, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks. She folded her thin hands over the pea blossom, and thanked God for sending it to her lonely home.

—*Hans Andersen.*

Be not puffed or vain
Of your beauty or your worth,
Of your friends or your birth,
Or the praise you gain.

V.—LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Temper is so good a thing that we should never lose it.

VI.—THE STONE THAT REBOUNDED.

"O boys, boys! don't throw stones at that poor bird," said an old, gray-haired man.

"Why, sir," said a little fellow, "she makes such a squalling that we can't bear her."

"Yes, but her voice is probably as pleasant to her friends as yours is to those who love you; and, besides, I am afraid the stone will rebound, and hurt you as long as you live."

"Rebound? We don't understand you, sir."

"Well, come, and I will tell you a story."

"Is it a true story?"

"Yes, every word is true."

"Fifty years ago I was a boy like you. I used to throw stones; and, as I had no other boy very near me to play with, I threw them till I became very accurate in my aim.

"One day I went to work for an aged couple by the name of Hamilton. They seemed very old people then. They were very kind to everybody and everything. Few people had so many swallows making their nests under the roofs of their barns; few had so many pets that seemed to love them, as they.

"For seven years a bird had come, after the long winter was over, and built her nest in the same place, and there reared her young ones. She had just returned on the day that I went there to work, and they welcomed her heartily. She hopped about as if glad to get back.

"In the course of the day I thought I would try my skill upon her. She sat upon a post near the spot where she was to build her nest, and looked at me trustfully, as much as to say, 'You won't hurt me?' I found a nice stone, and, poising my arm, I threw it with my utmost skill. It struck the bird on the head, and she dropped dead.

"I was sorry the moment I saw her fall. But the deed was done. All day long her mate flew about, and chirped in tones so sad that he made my heart ache.

"I said nothing to the old people about it, but, through a grandchild, they found it out; and though they never said a word to me on the matter, I knew that they were deeply grieved at my cruelty. I could never look them in the face afterwards, as I had done before. Oh, that I had told them how sorry I was!

"They have been dead many, many years, and so has the poor bird; but don't you see

how that stone *rebounded*, and hit me? How deep a wound it made upon my memory! how deep upon my feelings! Why, my dear boys, I would give a great deal to-day if I could undo that deed.

"For fifty years I have carried it in my memory. I have never spoken of it bĕfore; yet, if what I have now said shall prevent you from throwing a stone that may rebound and deeply wound your feelings, I shall rejoice."

The boys at once dropped the stones they had in their hands, and the bird had no more trouble from them.

VII.—TINY'S FIRST AND ONLY LIE.

One day Tiny went out to play with her pet rabbit. He was all brown, from the tips of his ears to the tip of his tail, and Tiny named him Mop. He had become as tame as a kitten, and Tiny found him quite a playmate.

This morning, after she had given him his breakfast of carrots and clover, she took him for a race in the garden. Mop was in fine spirits, and he scampered away after her down the path, and hopped past her into the gooseberry bushes.

Tiny ran after him, and found him hiding under the leaves, looking out at her with his eyes very bright.

Just then the gooseberries, which were full and ripe on the bush, caught her eye.

"How nice they look!" she said to herself.

"I'll just *taste* one; I won't eat it, because mother does not like me to eat them," said Tiny; and she put the berry to her lips. It tasted so good that she thought she might as well swallow it while she was about it; and then she thought two would not hurt her any more than one, so she ate two.

After that she ate another, and another, and then—

"Tiny!" called her mother, from the house.

Tiny gave a start, swallowed the last berry whole, caught up Mop in her arms, and walked slowly into the house.

"What were you doing, Tiny?" asked her mother.

"Oh," said Tiny, looking all about the room, "I went out to play with Mop."

"Did you eat any gooseberries, Tiny?"

"No, mother, I didn't!"

"Tiny," said her mother, soberly, "is my little girl very sure of this?"

"Mother, just see Mop, how he is biting my finger. I don't think he is very polite, do you?"

"Tiny, you did not answer my question."

"What was it about? Oh, I remember now. Yes, mother, I'm very sure of this."

"I hope," said her mother, looking steadily at her, "that my little girl will always be careful to speak the truth."

"Yes," said Tiny, quickly.

Tiny's mother sat a minute as if she were thinking very soberly about something; then she rose, without another word, and left the room.

As soon as Tiny was left alone she went into the corner behind the door, and sat down on the floor. She sat there a long time, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands.

It was the first time she had ever told a falsehood; and such a strange little pain had come into her heart that she thought at first she was sick, and was quite frightened; but after a few minutes she began to understand that it was because she had done wrong. Then she thought about God all at once, and was afraid he would not love her any more, and then she began to cry.

After she had cried very softly for a little while, she thought she would go and play with Mop; so she ran away, and tried to play. But somehow all the fun seemed to have gone out of everything. Besides, Mop made her think of the gooseberries; so she went back to her corner behind the door again, and stayed there till dinner time. Then she went to the dining-room skipping, and singing some merry little song.

About the middle of the afternoon, Tiny came into her mother's room, looking very serious.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"Mother, I've been thinking this is a queer world—don't you think so?"

"What made you think so, Tiny?"

Tiny began to play with the baby just then, and made no answer. Presently she put her arms round her mother's neck, and said,—

"I've got a stone in my heart, mother."

"What do you mean, Tiny?"

"Here," said Tiny, putting her hand under her chin; "I think I'm sick."

"My little girl is not very happy—isn't that it?"

"I do feel so full of sorrows, but I think it's a stone; perhaps I swallowed it sometime."

"No, I think not," said her mother. "You want to tell me something, don't you?"

"Mother," said Tiny, in a whisper, "what *do* you suppose I did?"

"What was it, Tiny?"

"I—I ate a gooseberry this morning."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said her mother, laying down her work.

"I believe I ate two."

"Is that all, Tiny?"

"I shouldn't wonder if I ate a lot," said Tiny, winking very hard to keep from crying.

"Why did you not tell me that this morning?" said her mother, sadly.

Tiny hung her head.

"I would rather have my little girl do anything else in the world than tell a lie."

"Oh, mother!" and Tiny broke out in a sudden cry. "Oh, mother, I am so sorry! I don't know what made me do it, and I'll never, never do it again."

"I hope you won't," said her mother, "and now you must go to your own room till tea time."

It was a long and dreary afternoon to Tiny, as she sat alone thinking about what she had done. I doubt if she ever forgot it as long as she lived. She never told a lie again.

VIII.—A SONG OF THE SLEIGH.

Oh, swift we go o'er the fleecy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round;
When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song we glide along
Across the fleeting snow!
With friends beside, how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below!

Oh! the raging sea, has joys for me,
When gale and tempests roar;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine,
May make a heart the lighter;
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

IX.—THE BIRTH OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

It was in winter, long ago, that a poor carpenter, Joseph by name, and his wife, Mary, entered the city of their tribe, called Bethlehem. They had come from the obscure village of Nazareth, to be enrolled in a census which had been ordered by the Roman Emperor. There was no room for them in the inns of the city, so that when night came they had to seek refuge elsewhere. This they found in a cave which served as a stable.

And it came to pass that, when they were there, Mary, the Mother, brought forth her Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in the manger. Thus amidst the poorest surroundings was born Jesus, the Word made Flesh, the Eternal Son of God.

The weary city near by slept, and knew not the great event that had taken place. But out on the sloping hills in the same country, shepherds were watching their flocks. All at once, in the dark night, they were struck with fear at a dazzling brightness of heavenly light above them, and the sound of heavenly music.

And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them, and said to them: "Fear not, for I bring

you good tidings of great joy; for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." No sooner had this word been spoken to them than the skies echo with hosts of angels praising God and saying: "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

With ready faith the shepherds started away to see that which had come to pass, and the word which the Lord had shown them. They found all—Mary, the Mother, and Joseph, and the infant in the manger—just as had been told them. Thus did the poor, hardy shepherds come and worship the Babe, who was in very truth Himself the Shepherd of men.

There was a second scene of worshippers in that cave of Bethlehem—richer, larger, but not more pious or simple, than the first. It was a grand procession of rich kings, with their servants, on camels, bearing gifts. A strange star had guided them from their own country as far as Jerusalem, when it was withdrawn. But soon it appeared again, and went before them until it came and stood over where the child was.

Entering, they found the child with Mary, His Mother, and falling down they adored Him; and they offered Him gold, frankincense and myrrh.

They returned to their own country to teach others the gospel they had learned at the manger, and to shed their blood for that newborn King who had drawn them so strangely to Himself. —*Rev. J. R. Teefy.*

X.—FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

See! the sun beyond the hill
Is dipping, dipping down
Right above the old Scotch fir,
Just like a golden crown.

Children! quick, and come with me,
Handfuls of cowslips bring,
Hawthorn bright with boughs of white
And mayflowers from the spring.

Lucy has fresh shoots of thyme
From her own garden plot:
Jacob's lilac has been stripped—
A gay and goodly lot!

To Saint Wilfred's we will go,
And give them to the priest;
He must deck our Lady's shrine
To-morrow for the feast.

Poor indeed the flowers we give,
But we ourselves are poor;
Payment for each gift to her
Is plentiful and sure.

By the picture Lucy loves,
Hail-Marys will we say,
And for him who's far at sea
Most fervently we'll pray.

God be praised, who sent the faith
To these lone fields of ours,
And God's Mother, too, who takes
Our little tithe of flowers.

XI.—CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

One day, two boys—Robert, who was fourteen years of age, and Walter, a boy of twelve—took their little sister Ettie to the sea-beach to gather shells. They walked up and down on the sand searching for shells, but they could not find any that were very pretty.

"It is too bad!" said Ettie; "some one has been here before us and picked up all the prettiest shells. I think they ought to have left some of them for us."

"They had as much right to them as we have," said Walter. "We must try to find some that no one else has seen."

"That will be rather hard to do, unless we can find a place where no one else has been for some time," said Robert. "Now, if we could only go over to Rocky Islet, I am sure we should find as many as we could carry. It is low tide, and the rocks are all standing above the water."

"Let us go, then," said Walter. "There is Jonas the fisherman's boat, just ahead of us; we can borrow that, and row over to the islet easily enough. It is not very far."

Ettie was delighted when Robert consented to go. They borrowed the fisherman's boat; and, as

both of the boys could row very well, they soon reached Rocky Islet. Robert tied the boat to a large stone, and then they all began to search for shells.

They found many beautiful ones, which they placed in the boat. Little Ettie thought she had never seen such fine shells as some of these were. "Will not mother be pleased," she said, "when she sees how many we have?—and such beauties, too!"

Robert said: "Come, now; the tide is rising, and we must start for home." They walked to the water's edge, where they had left the boat, but it was not there. One of the oars lay on the rock, but the boat was gone.

Robert had not tied the boat securely, and the rising tide had carried it away. They could see it drifting toward the shore.

"What shall we do?" cried Walter, in alarm. "The tide will cover all these rocks. We must get to the shore, or we shall be drowned. Can you not swim to the boat, Robert?"

"It is too far off," said Robert, "and the wind is blowing it faster than I could swim. Perhaps some one will see us and bring help."

They were very much frightened. Ettie began to cry. The boys shouted as loud as they could,

hoping that some one would hear them; but it was of no use, for the shore was too far off, and there was no boat in sight except the empty one which was drifting away.

"Here is one of the oars," said Robert, picking it up. "Let me take your apron, Ettie; I shall tie it fast to the oar, and wave it, to let them know that we need help."

At last the water reached the rock on which they were standing. Little Ettie screamed, as a wave rippled over the rock and wet her feet.

"It is of no use," said Robert; "no one hears or sees us. Perhaps, after all, the water will not rise high enough to cover our heads. Let us hold fast to each other, so that we may not be washed off the rock."

The water was up to their knees now, and still rising. Robert told Ettie to put both her arms over the oar; then he tied her fast to it with the apron. "There, Walter!" he said, "that will keep her from sinking, if the water gets too deep, or washes us off the rock; and you and I can each take hold of an end and swim for some time. Let us take off our coats and shoes, before the water gets deeper."

Just then they heard a shout. They looked toward the shore, and saw a boat coming out to

them; Jonas the fisherman was in it. As he came near, he could see the children standing in the water. He shouted, to let them know that help was near. The boys shouted in reply, and soon all were safe in the boat.

XII.—THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant, pleasantly, "what will you have to-day?"

"O, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

"Do some work for me? What sort of work can a little chap like you do? Why, you can't look over the counter!"

"O yes, sir, I can; and I'm growing, please,—growing fast. There, see if I can't look over the counter!"

"Yes, by standing on your toes; are they coppered?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir." And the voice trembled.

The man stretched over the counter, but he couldn't see the little toes; so he stepped round to take a look at the lad.

"I'm older than I'm big, sir; people say I'm very small of my age."

"And what *is* your age?" asked the merchant.

"I am almost eight, sir," said Richard, looking his biggest and proudest. "You see my mother has nobody but me; and this morning I saw her crying because she had no money to buy bread for breakfast, sir." The voice again broke, and tears came into the blue eyes.

"Well, well; that *is* bad! Where is your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer *Boston*."

"Dear me, that is worse still! But you are a plucky little fellow. Let me see," and he looked straight into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight into his.

"Saunders," asked the merchant of a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "is cash No. 4 still sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I am sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly, he put his pen behind his ear, then he glanced curiously at little Richard.

"Oh, I understand," said the merchant. "Yes, he *is* small,—very small, indeed; but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir."

"Put this boy down for four. There, my lad, give the clerk your name, and run home quickly, and tell your mother you have got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday, and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar for your mother. I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir,—work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

"I've got it, mother!" cried Richard, rushing into the house. "I'm a cash-boy! Don't you know when they take parcels the clerk calls 'Cash'? Well, I'm that. Four dollars a week! And the man said I had real pluck. And here's

a dollar for breakfast; and don't you ever cry again; for I'm the man of the house now."

If ever a mother was astonished, that mother was. For a moment she could not comprehend the matter. But when Richard told his story, she burst into tears, and taking her plucky little man in her arms she spoke to him loving words, such as only a mother knows how to use.

XIII.—MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping in my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the part to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My Mother?

Oh no! the thought I cannot bear;
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

—*Ann Taylor.*

You can do more good by being good than in any other way.

XIV.—MANENKO, THE LITTLE DARK GIRL.

In this part of the world, Manenko would certainly be considered a very wild little girl. She has never been to school although she is more than seven years old. She has never seen a book but once, and has never learned to sew or knit.

There are many things, though, she can do. She can paddle the small canoe in the river, help to hoe the young corn, and can find the wild

bees' honey in the woods. She can gather the scarlet fruit, and help her mother to pound the corn in the great wooden mortar.

Would you like to know more of her,—how she looks, where she lives, and what she does all day and all night?

Here is a little round house with low doorways very like those of a dog's house. Look at the round pointed roof made of the long rushes that grow by the river, and braided together firmly with strips of bark; fine, soft grass is spread over this roof to keep out the rain.

In this house lives Manenko with her father and mother and two brothers. They are all very dark. Their lips are thick, their noses broad, and instead of hair, their heads are covered with wool. For clothes they have aprons and mantles of antelope skins; on their arms and ankles they wear bracelets made of copper or iron.

In the morning they must be up early, for the father and Zungo, the older brother, are going to hunt. The mother prepares the breakfast—small cakes of bread made from the pounded corn, scarlet beans eaten with honey, and plenty of milk from the brown cow.

All the meat has been eaten, and to-day the men must go out over the broad, grassy fields

for more. Zungo and his father take their long spears, and the basket of ground-nuts the mother has made ready, and they are off with the other hunters before the sun is up. The mother takes her hoe, and calling on Manenko to help her, hoes the young corn growing on the round hill behind the house.

There is little hoeing to be done this morning, so the mother returns to the hut to make her baskets. On the floor is a heap of fine twisting tree-roots which she brought from the forest yesterday. Under the shadow of the grassy roof she sits before the door weaving them into strong, neat baskets. While she works, other women come too with their work, sit beside her in the shade and chatter away in a very queer sounding language.

Manenko has heard the call of the honey-bird, the brisk little chirp of "Chiken, chiken, chik, churr, churr," and she is away to the wood to follow his call, and bring home the honey.

She runs beneath the tall trees, looking up for the small, brown bird; then she stops and listens to hear him again. "Chiken, chiken, chik, churr, churr," and there sits the brown bird above a hole in the tree, where the bees are flying in and out, their legs yellow with honey-dust. It is too high for Manenko to reach. She marks the

place, and says to herself, "I will tell Ra when he comes home." Who is Ra? Why, that is her name for father. She turns to go home, but stops to listen to the wild shouts and songs of the women who have left their huts and are coming down towards the river to welcome their chief.

The chief comes from a long journey with the young men up the river in canoes, to hunt the elephant, and bring home the ivory tusks. The canoes are full of tusks, and while the men unload them, the women are shouting, "Sleep, my lord, my great chief." Manenko listens for only a minute, and then runs to join her mother, and add her little voice to the general noise.

The drum beats, the women shout, while the men gather round a fire, and roast and eat great slices of ox-meat, and tell the story of the famous elephant-hunt.

Wonderful things the men have seen. Manenko listens to their stories until the moon is high, and the stars have almost faded in her light. Then her father and Zungo come home, bringing the antelope and buffalo meat, too tired to tell their story until the next day. After eating supper, they are all soon asleep on the mats which form their beds. It is a hard kind of bed, but a good one.

These are simple, happy people; they live out of doors most of the time, and they love the sunshine, the rain and the wind. They have plenty to eat,—the pounded corn, the milk and honey, the scarlet beans, and the meat the hunters bring. Soon it will be time for the wild water-birds to come flocking down the river,—white pelicans, brown ducks, and hundreds of smaller birds that chase the skimming flies over the water.

If Manenko could read, she would be sorry that she has no books. And if she knew what dolls are, she might be longing for one every day. But these are things of which she knows nothing at all. She is happy enough watching the hornets building their hanging nests on the branches of the trees, cutting the small sticks of sugar-cane, or following the wild honey-bird's call.

O turn thy glance to Heaven above,
As sun-dial to the sun, in love!
For when the heart on God doth rest,
It throbs, it beats, at His behest;
All tests of time it doth endure,
And thus eternity secure.

XV.—THE COMING OF SPRING.

"Spring, where are you tarrying now?
Why are you so long unfelt?
Winter went a month ago,
When the snows began to melt."

"I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come, the time is brief.

"I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing;
Little maiden, now is Spring!

"See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green,
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets grow.

"Hark! the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

"Little maiden, look around thee!
Green and flowery fields surround thee;
Every little stream is bright,
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

"Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the Spring hath given;
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure, or thy food;
Pour thy soul in gratitude!
So may'st thou 'mid blessings dwell:
Little maiden, fare thee well!"

—*M. Howitt.*

XVI.—STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

There was once a dog who used to go to market with his master every morning. He was always given a cent to buy meat for himself. If the butcher took the money before he gave him the meat, the dog would growl and show his teeth.

Once the master was called away on business, and was gone for several days. On his return he told Romp to bring him his slippers. Romp did not obey, but slunk into a corner, and the slippers could not be found.

Some hours later the gentleman went to the post-office, and Romp went with him. As he passed the market, the butcher asked him to step into the store, and gave him his slippers. Romp had carried them down one at a time to pay for his meat.

A certain gentleman had a clever dog named Fido. One day Fido had been very naughty. He had made an attack on a favorite cat that belonged to the people who lived next door.

It seems that the dog had found puss feeding on some scraps that had been thrown to her; so he drove her out of the yard, and ate the food she had received. He had just finished his stolen meal when he saw his master coming towards him, and he slunk off to his kennel.

About half an hour afterwards, the gentleman was sitting in his easy chair reading the evening paper, when he heard a gentle knock at the room door. Opening it, he found Fido standing with his slippers in his mouth, and looking very anxious, as if in doubt about the success of his plan.

The gentleman was much pleased: the peace-offering was taken, and Fido was allowed again to take his place on the rug at his master's feet.

One dark night, the watchmen at a small

village on one of our coasts heard the whining of a dog. They went out, and found the dog; and, having tied a lantern to his neck, they followed him to the beach. There they found a woman and child, a little girl two years old, stretched on the sand, and, as it seemed to them, nearly dead.

They carried them to a house about half a mile off, and used means to restore them. The child was lively the next morning, but it was a long time before the mother was well again.

After a few days, however, she was able to speak. The first thing she said was, "Where is Henry—where is my husband?" And she wept very bitterly at the thought that she should never see him again.

She had sailed with him some weeks before, in his ship, the *Sea Gull*. They had met with one storm after another; and at last the ship, with all her masts gone, had been driven on the rocks and wrecked.

The mother had been dragged ashore by some one, while she held her child firmly clasped in her arms. It was their faithful dog that had saved them from drowning, and that had brought to their help the good watchmen who had treated them so kindly.

What was her joy when she heard, a few days later, that her husband also was safe! He had floated on a spar all night, and had been picked up early in the morning by a passing ship, and taken to another port.

Great was the joy of the meeting of father, mother, and child; and deeply thankful they were to God for His mercy. Nor did they ever forget how much their noble dog had done for them.

XVII.—THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed,
And there it spread its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

—*Jane Taylor.*

XVIII.—THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

John was a little shepherd boy who lived a long time ago in Germany. One day he was watching his sheep as they fed in a meadow not far from a great wood, when a hunter came out of the forest, and asked: "How far is it to the nearest town, my good boy?"

"It is six miles, sir," he answered. "But the road is only a sheep track, and it is very easy to miss it."

The hunter looked about him and said: "My lad, I am very hungry and tired, for I have been lost in this wood. If you will leave your sheep here and show me the way, I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," said the boy. "They would wander into the wood, and be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" answered the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two would not be much to your master, and I will give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"Sir, I cannot go," answered John. "My time does not belong to me, for my master pays me for it. Besides, if any of the sheep were lost

I should be to blame as much as if I had stolen them."

"Well, then," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me, while you go to the village and get me some food and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head.

"The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and—" he stopped speaking.

"And what?" asked the hunter. "Cannot you trust me? Do I look like a thief?"

"You are not so bad as that," said John, "but you tried to make me break my word to my master, and so not be true to my trust. And how do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad was right. Then he said:—

"I see, my boy, that you can be trusted. I will not forget you. Show me where to find the sheep path that you spoke about, and I will try to follow it without a guide."

John then offered the hunter the food which he had brought for lunch that day; and, coarse as it was, the hungry man ate it gladly. While he was eating, there was a shout in the forest, and several other hunters came up.

Then, to his great surprise, John learned that the man to whom he had talked so plainly was the prince, who owned all the country around. The prince was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he soon afterwards sent for him to come to the city.

And so John, dressed in his best suit, and carrying his shoes under his arm, went to visit the great man in his fine palace.

"I believe that you are a boy who can always be trusted," said the prince, "and so I want you to live with me. You shall be as one of my family, and shall have books and teachers, and everything else that is needed to help you along the true road to manhood."

Smile a little, smile a little,
As you go along,
Not alone when life is pleasant,
But when things go wrong.
Care delights to see you frowning,
Loves to hear you sigh;
Turn a smiling face upon her,
Quick the dame will fly.

XIX.—A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

Little one, come to my knee!
Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened:
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man were brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!
Hark, how the wind is roaring;
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring!

Doing is the great thing. For if people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.

XX.—A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.

Two wood-cutters used to go into the forest together every day to cut wood. Each of them had a family of young children, and they used to work very hard to earn their daily food.

One of the men was bright and cheerful, always hoping for the best. The other was gloomy, and full of fears about the future.

"How hard it is to be so poor," he would often say. "If I should fall ill, what would become of my wife and children?"

"One day, as they were going through the forest, they saw two birds' nests in a tree. The mother-birds were sitting on their eggs. The wood-cutters watched the nests day after day, till they heard the young birds crying "Peep-peep," and saw the parents busily feeding their little ones.

One morning, as the gloomy man was going past the tree by himself, he saw one of the mother-birds flying towards her nest, with some food in her mouth for her little ones. Just at that moment a hawk darted down upon her and bore her away in his claws.

"Poor bird!" cried the wood-cutter, "what will become of your young ones now? They

have lost their mother, and they will die of hunger. That is exactly what my children would do, if anything should happen to me."

He kept thinking about this all day. It made him feel so sad that he went home by another road at night, because he could not bear to hear the cry of the starving birds. Next morning, however, he went to the nest to bury the poor motherless birds, for he was sure they would all be dead.

When he came to the tree, what was his surprise when he saw the other mother-bird flying to the nest of the orphans. Their little heads were lifted up, their little mouths were open, and their kind neighbor was feeding them just as she fed her own.

At this moment the cheerful wood-cutter came along, and learned with great surprise all that had taken place.

"Ah, is not that beautiful?" said he. "If these poor little birds are so strangely helped, surely we should not be afraid."

"Never again!" answered his friend. "If you are ever sick, I will take care of your wife and children, as this kind mother-bird is doing. If I am ill, I know you will do the same for me. And if anything should happen to us both, we may be sure that God will take care of our families in some way."

XXI.—THE NEST.

Over my shaded doorway,
Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,
And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
Their eyes are like living gems;
And all day long they are busy
Gathering straws and stems,
Lint and feathers and grasses,
And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the doorstep,
And fling them some flossy threads;
They fearlessly gather my bounty,
And turn up their graceful heads,
And chatter and dance and flutter,
And scrape with their tiny feet,
Telling me over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded!
What if the rain comes down
They are all dressed to meet it,
In waterproof suits of brown.

They never mope nor languish,
Nor murmur at storm or heat,
But say, whatever the weather,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
Dear little brown-winged birds!
Teach me the happy magic
Hidden in these soft words,
Which always, in shine or shadow,
So lovingly you repeat,
Over and over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

XXII.—GOOD EXAMPLE.

Few boys are brave enough to walk the path of duty, when their companions start to sneer or laugh at them. Nothing prevents good being done amongst young and old so much as mockery. The boy who will quietly bear it, and go steadily on, is truly brave. Such a lad was Tom Phelan.

Tom was a bright boy, full of fun and play when these were in order, but intent upon study when once within the school. And, what is more to our purpose, he was a most truthful

boy. It was through this love of truth that he did so much good amongst his companions.

The teacher before closing the school used to call the roll. If a boy had not whispered, or otherwise broken the rule, he answered "ten" when his name was called. This was the number of his good-conduct marks for the day. Tom had started at this school that very morning. When his turn came, instead of saying "ten" he replied calmly, but firmly: "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher. "As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," was the truthful reply.

"That is too bad. This is your first day, and I can give you no marks. You ought to feel ashamed," said the teacher.

Tom did not make any answer. After school was dismissed Frank Lee said to him, as they were walking home together: "Why did you not say 'ten'? I never heard you speak."

"Perhaps you did not," said Tom, "but I did speak several times. I saw others doing it, and I thought it was allowed. I asked a boy next to me to show me the lesson, and I answered another when he borrowed a pencil. Afterwards I asked a boy for the loan of his knife. Then

this afternoon I asked my cousin for a sheet of paper. I would not have done so, if I had known it was against the rules."

"Oh, we all do that sort of thing," said his cousin, coming up to Tom as he was explaining. "There is no sense in such an old rule. Nobody could keep it. Nobody tries to."

"I will either keep it, or own that I have not done so," was the noble answer. "Do you suppose, that I try to get marks by cheating? That is not the lesson you or I learn from our parents."

"We do not call that cheating," replied Frank Lee. If we were so strict, not one of us would get a single mark."

"That does not matter," said Tom, "as long as you tell the truth."

Tom kept on his even way, working and studying as well as he could, but never failing to acknowledge a fault if he committed one. He never preached to the others, and never told tales upon them. But they soon began to feel ashamed and guilty. They liked him for his firmness in keeping his word. The teacher saw into his manly, truthful soul, and respected him.

At the end of the term Tom felt sad when he found his name low down on the list. When it

was read out he had hard work to keep back the tears.

"Boys," said the teacher in making his usual speech before sending them home for the holidays, "I wish to know to whom I should give the prize for work and truthfulness."

"Tom Phelan," shouted the school, at once.

"That is right, my dear boys," said the master. "And try, all of you, to follow his example."

XXIII.—THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy nobody—no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good king Hal;
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee:
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I can not pay:
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou 'dst be true,
That no one envies thee:
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;
Such men, as thou, are England's boast,
O Miller of the Dee."

—*Charles Mackay.*

XXIV.—A HIGH AIM.

"What are you doing, Felix?"

"I am cutting my name up here, grandfather. I've almost finished."

As he spoke the boy dropped lightly down from the branch to which he had been clinging in order to carve his name high up on the old tree.

"It's my name and the date of to-day. I cut it because this is my birthday, and because you gave me this new pocket-knife."

"Are you always going to make a high mark as you go along?"

Felix did not quite know what his grandfather meant.

"Wherever you go, my boy, you are sure to leave a mark of some kind," continued he. "All through your school life you will do so. It will be written in the books of the school that a boy of your name was there, and left either a high or a low record.

"But you are making marks of another kind. Every action you do, good or bad, leaves its mark on yourself, and helps to make you into a good or a bad man. Besides, boys very often do

as they see others do, so your example is leaving marks on your companions also. And these are marks which will last far longer than the name and date on the bark of the tree."

"Will this last very long?" asked Felix, as he glanced up at the letters and figures he had carved.

"Come here," said his grandfather.

Felix followed him round to the other side of the tree. He looked closely at some marks on the bark to which his grandfather pointed.

"Why," he said, "that's your name, grandfather, and the date is eighteen hundred and forty-four. That's just fifty years ago."

"Yes," said grandfather. "I cut these when I was not much older than you are to-day."

"Fifty years!" said Felix, as he looked at those letters which had been cut such a very, very long time ago, as it seemed to him. "And will my name stay here for fifty years?"

"I suppose so, unless the tree is cut down. If you live for fifty years, you will still find it here. Your hair will be gray then"—grandfather laid his hand on the curly brown head—"and I shall be over there on the hillside," he added, pointing to the little churchyard in the distance.

"But I shan't want to come here then, grandfather," said Felix, with tears very near to his eyes.

"Oh yes, you will. You will have other things to think about then. And I trust, Felix, that when you come here and see the letters you cut so long ago, you will be able to say, 'If grandfather could see me to-day, he would see that I have not forgotten what he said to me on my birthday so long ago.'"

Grandfather walked slowly across the meadow towards the house. Felix looked after him for a few moments, and then turned again to the tree.

"Grandfather is right," he said to himself, "and I must never forget what he has said. If I do not try to make good high marks of the kind he spoke of, I shall be ashamed ever to come here and see my name on this old tree."

To learn never to waste time is one of the hardest and most important lessons of life. A well-spent day gives great joy at night. Begin, then, when young to act earnestly and to persevere faithfully. What you do may not be great in the eyes of the world. If it is your duty, it will be great in God's eyes: that will be enough.

XXV.—DO THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright;
My silvery beams cannot pierce far
Into the gloom of night;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
And so I will do the best that I can."

"What can be the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
If caught in her chalice of gold;
But I, too, am part of God's great plan,
So my treasure I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head;
Mother said, "Darling, do all that you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the twinkling star,
Or the cloud with its rain-cup full,
How, why, and for what, all strange things are—
She was only a child at school;
But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan,
That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet;
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought wondrous sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can."

XXVI.—THE VOICE WITHIN.

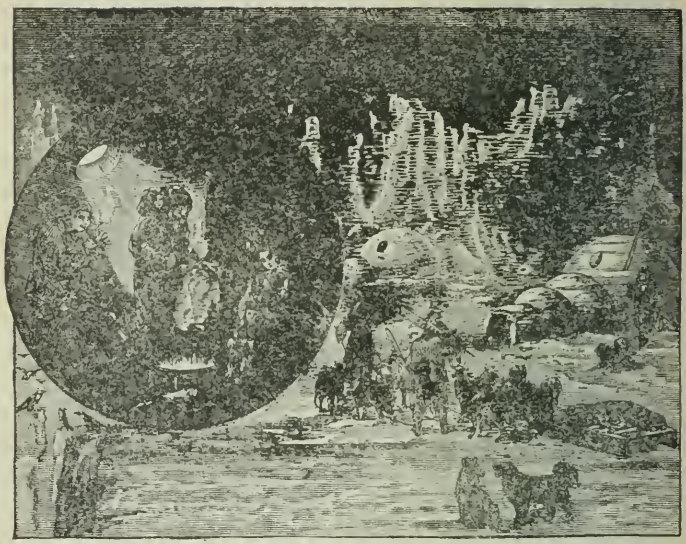
The still small voice that speaks within,—
I hear it when, at play,
I speak the loud and angry word
That drives my friend away.

The voice within, the voice within,
Oh, may I have a care!
It speaks to warn from every sin,
And God has placed it there.

If falsehood whispers to my heart
To tell a coward lie,
To hide some careless thing I've done,
I hear the sad voice nigh.

If selfishness would bid me keep
What I should gladly share,
I hear again the inner voice,
And then, with shame, forbear.

I thank thee, Father, for this friend,
Whom I would always heed;
Oh! may I hear its slightest tone
In every time of need! —*Alice Cary.*



XXVII.—AGOONACK, THE LITTLE ESKIMO.

What is this odd-looking mound standing out here in the snow? It is the home of little Agoonack, the Eskimo girl, who lives far up in the cold countries, amidst ice and snow.

Do you see the low opening close to the ground? That is the door, but one must creep on hands and knees to enter. There is another smaller hole above the door: it is the window. It has no glass like ours, only a thin covering of something which Agoonack's father took from

the inside of a seal. Her mother stretched it over the window-hole to keep out the cold and to let in a little light.

If we look far over the ice we shall see a funny, clumsy little girl running as fast as she can to keep up with her mother. You would hardly know her to be a little girl, she is so oddly dressed in the white, shaggy coat of the bear. Shall I tell you what clothes she wears? Not at all like yours, you will say, but you will remember she lives in a very cold country.

Her soft warm socks her mother has made from the skins of birds, with the soft down upon them. Over these come her moccasins of seal-skin. Next she wears leggings of white bear skin, and a little frock called a jumper. Pull the hood of the jumper over her short black hair, so as almost to hide her face and you have Agoonack dressed.

Agoonack and her mother are coming home to dinner, but there is no sun shining on the snow to make it sparkle. It is dark like night, and the stars shine clear and steady like silver lamps in the sky. Far off, among the great icy peaks, strange lights are dancing,—shooting long, rosy flames far into the sky. The ice glows with the warm color, and the splendor shines on the little white-hooded girl beside her mother.

It is Agoonack's birthday, and there is a present for her before the door of the house. "It is a sled," you exclaim. Yes, a sled, but quite unlike yours. In the far-away cold countries no trees grow, so her father had no wood. He took the bones of the walrus and whale, and bound them together with strips of sealskin to build this pretty sled for his little daughter. "By the time this is finished," her father said to himself, "the two little brown dogs will be old enough to draw it, and Agoonack shall have them." You can imagine what gay frolics she has with her brother who runs at her side with his bone-bat or hockey, skimming it over the crusty snow.

Now we shall creep into the low house with the child and her mother, and see how they live.

Outside it is very cold. Inside it is not only warm but very hot. It is not the sunshine that makes it warm. There is no furnace, neither is there a stove. All the heat comes from a sort of lamp with long wicks of moss and plenty of walrus fat to burn. It warms the small house, which has but one room, and over it the mother hangs a shallow dish in which she cooks soup. But most of the meat is eaten raw, cut into long strips, and eaten much as one might eat a stick of candy.

They have no bread, no crackers, no apples nor potatoes—nothing but meat, and sometimes the milk of the reindeer, for there are no cows in the far northern countries. The reindeer gives them a great deal; he is their horse as well as their cow. His skin and his flesh, his bones and horns are useful when he is dead; and while he lives he is their kind, gentle and patient friend.

When the men come home, dragging the great Nannook, as they call the bear, there is a merry feast. They cut long strips of bear's meat, and laugh and eat and sing as they tell the long story of the hunt, of the seals they have seen, and of the foot-tracks of the reindeer they have met in the long valley.

Perhaps while they are so merry, a very great snowstorm will come and cover the little house so that they can not get out for several days. When the storm is over they dig out the low doorway and creep again into the starlight.

It is not always dark in these northern countries. The beautiful sun returns after an absence of many months, to shine day and night. His warm rays melt the snow and awaken the few hardy, little flowers that can grow in this short summer. The icy coat breaks away from the clear, running water, and great flocks of birds

with soft, white plumage settle among the black rocks along the seashore.

It is a merry life the Eskimos live while the sunshine stays. The children play ball among the drifts, and climb the rocks to catch the birds, with long-handled nets. The old men sit on the rocks and laugh and sing, and tell long stories of the whale and seal. Little Agoonack comes from her play to listen to the stories. She has no books; and if she had she couldn't read them. Neither could her father or mother read to her. Their stories are told and sung, but never written.

And this is how Agoonack lives through the long darkness and the long sunshine. Would you like to live in the cold countries? It is very cold, to be sure; but there are happy children there and kind fathers and mothers, and the merriest sliding on the very best of ice and snow.

A young girl once asked herself: "Why am I placed in this world; what have I to do? If I might but do some good to myself, or another, if only for the short space of a minute in each day." "Nothing is easier," her angel said. "You have but to give a cup of cold water to one of Christ's little ones. Surely you can find a chance to do this every day."

XXVIII.—THE MOON'S LULLABY.

I am a shepherd, I wander on high,
Across the blue pastures far up in the sky,
And the stars are my sheep, with fleeces of gold,
That shine as they come from the heavenly fold;
And the shepherd and sheep will tenderly keep
The dear little child in its innocent sleep.

I love to send out my silvery beams,
And light up the forests, and dance on the streams,
And look at the treasures, known only to me,
Far down in the depths of the wonderful sea;
But 'tis greater delight to have only a sight
Of a dear little head on a pillow so white.

Sleep on, dearest child, and my golden sheep
Shall come, one by one, through your window to peep;
And the light shall come out from each shining fleece
And encircle your head with a halo of peace.
For the shepherd and sheep will tenderly keep
The dear little child in its innocent sleep.

For each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

XXIX.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

Many years ago there lived in Africa a holy Christian woman whose name was Monica. She had one son named Augustine (or Austin), a clever boy, who, however, gave her much pain. Though he was fond of study, and got on well at school, he was wilful and possessed of bad habits. In spite of all that she did to make him better, he spent his youth in all kinds of sin and folly. At school he fell in with many wicked companions; and from them he learnt to read bad books, and to go to shows and plays, where he quite lost the fear of God.

Augustine was very vain of his learning; he forgot that the only real use of learning is to help us to serve God, and that if we do not know how to make this use of it, our knowledge is worth nothing. Augustine's learning only made him proud; he despised the words of his good mother when she begged him to lead a better life, and not to offend God by sin. He thought it was beneath him to be taught by a woman; and so he went on growing worse as he grew older.

But Monica did not give him up; and though she wept over his sins, she still loved him dearly.

She spent her days in praying for him; and she had such a firm trust in God's goodness, that she felt sure He would one day grant her prayers.

Years went on in this way, but Augustine showed no signs of change. He still loved study, yet he did not trouble himself about religion, and even joined some men who had once been Christians; but were so no longer. This gave Monica more pain than all the rest; yet she never ceased to pray for her son, that God would give him grace to amend his life.

At last she went to see a holy old Bishop, whom she begged to speak to Augustine, hoping that her son would listen to his words. But the Bishop said, "It is of no use to speak to Augustine whilst he is so puffed up with pride; we must wait a little, and in God's own time his heart will soften." Monica still pressed him to try what he could do with her son; and, as she spoke, she wept so bitterly that the Bishop's heart was touched, and he said, "Go and continue to pray for him as you have done for so long a time; it cannot be that a child for whom his mother sheds such tears should perish."

After this Augustine went to Rome, and Monica followed him there. He was then thirty years old; and soon after he reached Rome he fell ill, and for many days lay at the point of

death. But he did not die. God heard his mother's prayers, so that he got better; and soon after this he began to change his life.

While he was ill he grieved much for all the wrong he had done; he saw how unhappy sin makes us, and that there is nothing really worth loving, or caring for, but God. It was hard for him at first to give up all his bad habits, but God gave him the grace to fight against them without ceasing; and before St. Monica died, she had the joy of seeing him leading a pure and holy life.

He became a priest, and was afterwards made a bishop. He wrote many books, and used his learning only to make men love and serve God. The whole Church soon heard of the fame of St. Augustine, and he is ranked among the greatest of her saints and doctors.

How happy he was to have had so good a mother; and how often he must have wished that he had listened to her sooner, and that he had not spent his youth in sin!

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

XXX.—THE QUEST.

There once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go:
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he travelled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

XXXI.—DON'T CROW TILL YOU ARE OUT OF THE WOODS.

An old rooster, standing on a high fence, flapped his wings and crowed aloud, in the joy of his heart, to see the sun rise. Of course, his shrill notes echoed far and wide, and were heard by all the beasts in the forest.

Among the rest, a fox was roused from his slumbers, and, having a sharp appetite for breakfast, came out of the woods; but the fence was so high that he could not get at the rooster.

So, looking up, the fox shouted, "Halloo there, Master Cock-a-doodle-doo! why don't you crow a little louder? I am as deaf as a post, and can hear nothing but a squeak. Can't you come

down, and crow a little into my ear, just to pass the time pleasantly?"

"No, no! Cousin Reynard, I know a trick worth two of that; and that is neither more nor less than to stay where I am. One of the lessons that every rooster's mother teaches him is, 'not to crow till he is out of the woods, and in a safe place.'"

To this the fox said rather sharply, "You don't mean to say, Mr. Chanticleer, that I would take advantage of your kindness?"

"Of course not!" said the rooster. "No doubt *you* are honest enough; but suppose some enemy of mine should come in sight, who is to save me from his clutches?"

"Very true," said the fox; "but is it possible you have not heard that King Lion has proclaimed a general peace among the whole of his subjects?"

The rooster took no notice of the remark, but kept his eye fixed on a distant point.

"Well, you might be civil, at any rate," continued the fox; "but pray what are you looking at so earnestly?"

"Oh! nothing in particular. I was only wondering what those dogs were after."

"Ah! in that case," said the fox, "I must be off."

"Oh, no! don't go yet. You forget that these are peaceable times."

"Yes, yes!" said Reynard, running off; "but I am afraid the dogs haven't heard of the proclamation."

XXXII.—TADPOLES AND FROGS.

Did you ever notice, when you have been near the side of a pond, masses of little eggs about the size of a pea, which float on the surface of the water, generally lying among the long grass at the edge of the pond?

Well, suppose you were to come back again in a few days to the same place, do you think you would find these dark-looking eggs still there?

No! they would all be gone; and in their places you would see numbers of funny little black creatures with very big heads and flat, thin tails, which make them look somewhat like fishes.

These little black creatures are called tadpoles. They grow very fast, because they eat a great deal. Little legs grow out from the sides of

their body; the tail disappears; and the animal is no longer a tadpole, but a little frog, jumping about just as you have often seen frogs do.

The frog not only drinks with its mouth, but sucks up water through a great many little holes in its skin, just as a sponge does if put into a basin of water.

A gentleman once caught a number of frogs, which he kept in a bowl of water. As long as

there was plenty of water in the basin, they looked fat and well; but if he took them out when the weather was very hot, they soon grew thin and ill.

These frogs became quite tame, and learned to take their food from their master's hand. They were very fond of flies, and were very clever in catching them. So when the fruit for the gentle-

man's dessert was laid out in the storeroom, these frogs were placed around it, to act as little policemen to keep the flies from spoiling it; and they did their work very well indeed.

Now there are some very funny things about the frog, which you should watch for when you see it. One is, that after it has worn its coat for some time and thinks it is becoming very tight, it makes up its mind to get rid of it; and as this is very curious, I will tell you about it.

When a number of frogs have made up their minds to change their skins, having, of course, new ones underneath, several of them begin at the same time.

Two of its companions hold the one whose coat is to come off, tight around the middle of its body. Then one or two others give little bites and pulls at its skin, till first one leg, and then another, and at last the whole body is set free, and the frog appears with such a clean white skin that I am afraid it must be very vain.

Do you wish for a kindness? Be kind.
Do you wish for a truth? Be true.
What you give of yourself you find,
Your world is a reflex of you.

XXXIII.—THE RIGHT SORT OF REVENGE.

"No, I will never forgive him!" exclaimed Harry Jones, bursting into the room where his mother was seated at her work. "I will never forgive him."

"Never forgive whom, Harry? My dear boy, how excited and angry you look! Who has offended you?"

"Why, Charles West, mother," replied Harry, as he put away his school-books in their place.

"And what has Charles done to offend you? Come and sit by me, and tell me about it."

"Well," said Harry, "Mr. Raymond, who is a friend of Mr. Matthews, and who is staying with him, came into the schoolroom to-day, and offered a prize of a quarter to the boy who should first do a sum he would give us.

"He gave us all the same sum, and we all set to work. Charles West sat next to me, and I saw him copy the figures from my slate. "When I had only one more figure to make, Mr. Matthews left the room. I looked to see who went out; and when I turned to my slate again, every figure was rubbed out.

"I knew Charles had done it, because he got red in the face. In a minute he had finished

his sum; it was first done, and correct; so he got the quarter. But I mean to have a glorious revenge."

"And what is your glorious revenge to be, Harry?"

"Oh, I know; and I will tell you. Mr. Matthews says he will expel any boy from the school who uses the Key to Grammar Exercises. I saw Charles using one yesterday; and I have made up my mind to tell of it."

"Listen to me a moment, Harry. Charles is to remain at school one year more; and a gentleman has promised, if he behaves well, to place him, at the end of that time, in a situation where in a few years he will be able to support his widowed mother.

"Now, if he is turned out of the school in disgrace, do you think the gentleman will give him the situation? And what would be the feelings of his poor mother, to think that her son, who she hoped would be a support and comfort in her old age, had disgraced himself?"

"Oh, mother!" said Harry, with tears in his eyes, "I did not think of all that. I would not ruin him for all the world. But he did make me very angry at the time, and I should like to punish him a little for it."

"Well, Harry, I know of a way to punish him, and to have a really glorious revenge. 'Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good.'"

Harry thought long over his mother's advice before he decided what to do. When he had made up his mind, he asked permission of his mother to invite Charles West to tea.

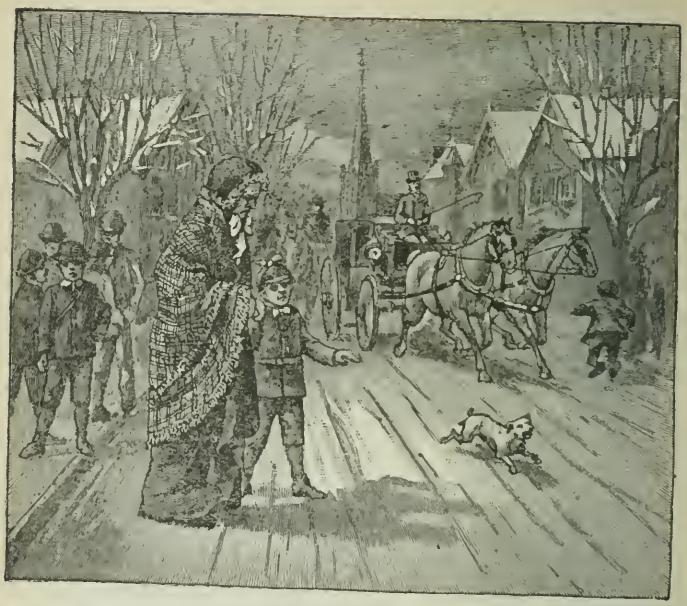
The permission was readily given, and they had a very pleasant evening together. Their chief amusement was sailing a pretty ship on a pond in the garden. When the time came for Charles to go home, Harry said, "I will make you a present of the ship. Here it is."

"Oh, no!" cried Charles, stepping back, "I could not think of such a thing."

"Oh, but, Charlie, you *must* have it. Mother says I may do what I like with it. Besides, I can make another just like it."

Charles turned away his head to hide his tears. "Harry," he said, "I will never try to injure you again, as I did yesterday; no, I never will."

From that day the boys became fast friends. Charles gave up the use of the Key to the Exercises; he tried to imitate his friend's example; and he gained the esteem of his master, and the love of his schoolfellows.



XXXIV.—SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was poor, and old, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should knock her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back to his friends again he went,
His young heart happy, and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, if she should stand
"At a crossing, weary, and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

Short life is theirs who know not self-restraint.

XXXV.—CHASING A RAINBOW.

One summer afternoon, when I was about eight years old, I was standing at a window, looking at a beautiful rainbow which, bending from the sky, seemed to be losing itself in a thick, swampy wood, about a quarter of a mile distant. It happened that there was no one in the room with me then but my brother Rufus, who had been sick and was now just able to sit propped up with pillows in an easy chair.

"See, brother," I said, "it drops right down among the cedars, where we sometimes go to gather wintergreens!"

"Do you know, Grace," said my brother, "that if you should go to the end of the rainbow, you would find there purses filled with money, and great pots of gold and silver?"

"Is it truly so?" I asked.

"Truly so," he answered.

Now I was a simple-hearted child, who believed everything that was told me, although I had been again and again deceived. So, without another word, I darted out of the door, and set forth towards the wood. My brother called after me as loudly as he could, but I did not heed him.

I cared nothing for the wet grass, which was soiling my clean dress; on and on I ran, sure that I would soon reach the end of the rainbow. I remember how glad and proud I felt, and what fine presents I expected to give to all my friends.

So thinking, and laying delightful plans, I soon reached the cedar grove; but the end of the rainbow was not there! I saw it shining down among the trees a little farther away; and so I struggled on, pushing my way through thick bushes and climbing over logs, until I came within sound of a stream which ran through the woods. Then I thought, "What if the rainbow should come down right in the middle of that deep, muddy brook!"

Ah! but I was frightened for my heavy pots of gold and silver! How should I ever find them there, and how should I get them out? I reached the bank of the stream, but the rainbow was not there. I could see it a little way off on the other side. I crossed the brook on a fallen tree; and then ran on, though my limbs seemed to give way and my side ached from weariness.

The woods grew thicker and darker, the ground more wet and swampy, and I found, as many grown people have found, that in a journey after riches there is much hard travelling. Suddenly I met in my way a large porcupine,

who made himself still larger when he saw me, just as a cross cat raises its back at a dog. Fearing that he would shoot his sharp quills at me, I ran from him as fast as my tired feet could carry me.

In my fright I forgot to keep my eye on the rainbow; and when at last I remembered and looked for it, it was nowhere in sight! It had quite faded away. When I saw that it was indeed gone, I burst into tears; for I had lost all my treasures, and had nothing to show for my journey but muddy feet and a wet and torn dress. I turned about and set out for home.

XXXVI.—EASTER.

"Mother," said Tom, "to-morrow will be Easter, and do not forget to give us eggs for breakfast." "Why, my child," asked the mother, "do you want eggs more on Easter than on any other morning?"

"Oh! everybody eats eggs on Easter," was the reply. "Please tell us, mother, why they do." "Well, Tom," and the good mother drew her boy to her side, "I had better first tell you about Easter itself."

"You know that our Blessed Lord died for us upon the Cross on Good Friday. His followers took His sacred body down and bound it in linen cloths with spices, and laid it in a newly-made grave and sealed the tomb. The Jews placed a guard of soldiers to watch lest the

Apostles might steal away the body. All that Friday night and all the next great day of the Sabbath our dear Saviour lay there. And in the end of the Sabbath, when it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, the stone that enclosed the tomb was rolled away, and Jesus

Christ rose from the dead. The guards were filled with terror at the appearance of the angel."

"To whom did our Lord appear first? What did He look like? Did He have His wounds?" were the questions eagerly asked by the boy.

"One question at a time, if you please," answered his mother. "The gospel tells us that Jesus appeared first to Mary Magdalene. But although it is not mentioned, our Lord no doubt appeared first to His dear Mother. To her indeed was Easter a day of joy."

"Now you wish to know what our Saviour was like after He rose from the grave. It is hard for you, and indeed for me, to understand. After His resurrection our Lord could assume any form He wished. When He first appeared to Mary Magdalène she mistook Him for the gardener. Another time when He walked with two of His apostles from Jerusalem to a town called Emmaus, they did not know Him. Sometimes He bore the marks of His wounds, as when entering the room where Thomas and the other apostles were gathered for fear of the Jews. Then Jesus told Thomas to put his finger into His wounded hands, and his hand into the wounded side. But, my dear child, we know that our Blessed Lord wears His wounds in

heaven, like the jewels at a feast. They bear witness to His love on the Cross, and they plead with God the Father for our sins."

"But, mother, you have forgotten about the eggs."

"Not quite, my boy. Easter is dear to us not only because our Lord Himself rose from the dead, but because it is the pledge that we, too, shall some day rise. Now the egg is the image both of the tomb and the resurrection of the body. The Christian remains in the grave until it pleases God to break the shell which, like death, has kept him captive. In the tombs of martyrs even the shells of eggs have been found. In some churches an egg is hung in the sanctuary on Easter, as a pledge of hope, and in the blessing of eggs there is special mention of the resurrection of our Lord. For these reasons, as well as the fact that I hope it will be a real feast for you, you shall have eggs to-morrow."

—*Rev. J. R. Teefy.*

Be kind and be gentle
To those that are old,
For dearer is kindness
And better than gold.

XXXVII.—THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of grey,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not heard
My poor bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor red breast! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the Heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

'Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the Heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

XXXVIII.—THE WORD OF GOD.

God's Word is almighty. It will save man from any danger. We read of its wonderful power in many an old legend. But God the Almighty is always the same, and His wonders have not ceased, as you will see by this incident, which happened not very long ago.

Like many other men, Mr. Smith had gone, in the beginning of the war, to do his duty as a soldier. He left his wife and an only child, a little boy of about eleven years of age, living alone in their little cottage. This was quietly but prettily situated among the tall elm trees, having as the only neighbors the church on the opposite side of the road, and the brook with the mill at the end of the garden. At evening Mrs. Smith used to sit in her little parlor sewing. Charlie sat beside her, busily studying his lessons, reading to his mother, or drawing little pictures—the last his favorite occupation. One night they had been

sitting thus rather later than usual. Letters from father had arrived—good news about the progress of the war, together with hopes of an early visit from him.

After Mrs. Smith had gone to bed, Charlie still stood at the window in his room, thinking and dreaming. He had no lamp burning, but the bright moonlight came in through the open window; the little church-tower over the way looked grand and solemn against the clear night sky. The tops of the elm trees whispered, the brook murmured, the mill-wheels rattled, and Charlie thought:

"Where might father be now? Is he awake, too, thinking of home? And when he comes home, what will he say about mamma, whether I took good care of her, and about my lessons and my drawings, and the Creed I learned by heart, and the Commandments? But do I remember them still? Let me try: what says the seventh Commandment?" And in his zeal he spoke aloud: "Thou shalt not steal."

Scarcely had the boy said these words when, quite near him, he heard a loud scream, saw a dark figure run from behind the porch, right across the road, and disappear among the tomb-stones. This was too much even for Charlie's courage. In a minute he was in

bed, the blanket over his ears. Forgotten were Commandments, Creed, drawing and lesson; and all he did that night was to dream about ghosts.

The next morning Charlie was just going to tell his mother the adventure of last night when the priest of the village came in. He seemed greatly moved, and, "God bless you! yes, God has blessed you!" he exclaimed, again and again; and as Mrs. Smith looked rather astonished, he said: "You may well look at me in surprise. God has done a wonder, and sent His angel to preserve you. Last night a man had stolen to your house for the purpose of robbing you. Already was he hidden behind the porch, when—so he told me, with fear and trembling—an angel called to him from above: 'Thou shalt not steal!'

"He fled, came to me in the middle of the night, confessed his sins, asked forgiveness, and likewise bade me tell you what you now know." Deeply moved, Mrs. Smith listened to these words. Charlie looked all surprise and wonder, but only after the priest had left could he calm himself enough to explain that strange voice to his mother. And they both, with hearts and words, praised God and His wonderful Word, which never ceases to be to man a fountain of blessing and happiness.

XXXIX.—IN THE ORPHAN HOME.

They sat at supper on Christmas Eve,
The boys of the orphan-school,
And the least of them all rose up to say
The quaint old grace in the old-time way,
Which always had been the rule:
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest,
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."

The smallest scholar sat himself down,
And the spoons began to clink
In the pewter porringers, one by one,
But one little fellow had scarce begun

When he stopped, and said, "I think"—
And then he paused with a reddened cheek,
But the kindly master bade him "Speak!"

"Why does the Lord Christ never come?"
Asked the child in a soft, shy way;
"Time after time we have prayed that He
Would make one of our company,
Just as we did to-day;
But He never has come, for all our prayer.
Do you think He would, if I set Him a chair?"

"Perhaps. Who knoweth?" the master said,
And he made the sign of the cross;
While the zealous little one gladly sped,
And drew a chair to the table's head,
'Neath a great ivy boss,
Then turned to the door, as in sure quest
Of the entrance of the Holy Guest.

Even as he waited, the latch was raised,
The door swung wide, and lo!
A pale little beggar-boy stood there,
With shoeless feet and flying hair
All powdered white with snow.
"I have no food, I have no bed;
For Christ's sake take me in," he said.

The startled scholars were silent all,
The master dumbly gazed;
The shivering beggar he stood still,—
The snowflakes melting at their will,—
Bewildered and amazed
At the strange hush; and nothing stirred,
And no one uttered a welcome word,—

Till, glad and joyful, the same dear child
Upraised his voice and said,—
"The Lord has heard us now, I know;
He could not come Himself, and so
He sent this boy instead,
His chair to fill, His place to take,
For us to welcome for His sake."

Then, quick and zealous, every one
Sprang from the table up.
The chair for Jesus ready set
Received the beggar cold and wet;
Each pressed his plate and cup.
"Take mine! take mine!" they urged and prayed;
The beggar thanked them, half dismayed.

And as he feasted, and quite forgot
His woe in the new content,
The ivy and holly garlanded
Round the old rafters overhead
Breathed forth a rich, strange scent;
And it seemed as if in the green-hung hall
Stood a Presence unseen, which blessed them all.

O lovely legend of olden time,
Be thou as true to-day!
The Lord Christ stands by every door
Veiled in the person of His poor,
And all our hearts can pray,—
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest,
And share the bread which Thou hast blessed."

—Susan Coolidge (by permission of Little, Brown & Co.)

XL.—THE BLACK HORSE'S STORY.

One night I was suddenly awakened by the stable bell ringing loudly. I heard the door of John's house open, and soon after he unlocked the stable door and came in, calling out: "Wake up, Beauty, you must go well now, if you ever did;" and almost before I could think, he had got the saddle on my back and the bridle on my head.

He just ran round for his coat, and then took me at a quick trot up to the Hall door. The Squire stood there with a lamp in his hand. "Now, John," he said, "ride for your life, that is, for your mistress's life; there is not a moment to lose; give this note to Doctor White; give your horse a rest at the inn, and be back as soon as you can."

John said, "Yes, sir," and was on my back in a minute. Away we went through the park, and through the village, and down the hill till we came to the toll-gate. John called to the gate-keeper, and thumped upon the door; the man soon flung open the gate. "Now," said John, "do you keep the gate open for the doctor; here's the money," and off he went again.

There was before us a long piece of level road by the river side; John said to me, "Now, Beauty, do your best," and so I did; I wanted no whip nor spur, and for two miles I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground.

When we came to the bridge, John pulled me up a little and patted my neck. "Well done, Beauty! good old fellow," he said. He would have let me go slower, but my spirit was up, and I was off again as fast as before.

The air was frosty, the moon was bright; we came through a village, then through a dark wood, then up hill, then down hill, till after an eight-miles' run we came to the town. The church clock struck three as we drew up at Doctor White's door. John rang the bell twice, and then knocked at the door. A window was thrown up, and the doctor put out his head and said, "What do you want?"

"Mrs. Gordon is very ill, sir; master wants you to come at once; he thinks she will die if you don't get there—here is a note." "Wait," he said, "I will come."

He shut the window, and was soon at the door. "The worst of it is," he said, "my horse has been out all day and is quite tired; my son has just been sent for, and he has taken the

other. What is to be done? Can I have your horse?"

"He has come at a gallop nearly all the way, sir, and I was to give him a rest here; but I think my master would not be against it if you think fit, sir." "All right; I will soon be ready." John stood by me and stroked my neck; I was very hot. The doctor came out with his riding whip.

"You need not take that, sir," said John. "Black Beauty will go till he drops; take care of him, sir, if you can; I should not like any harm to come to him." "No! no! John," said the doctor, "I hope not," and in a minute we had left John far behind.

I will not tell about our way back. I did my very best. When we came to the hill, the doctor drew me up. "Now, my good fellow," he said, "take some breath." I was glad to do this, for I was nearly spent; but that breathing helped me out, and we were soon in the park.

Joe was at the lodge gate, and my master was at the Hall door, for he had heard us coming. He spoke not a word; the doctor went into the house with him, and Joe led me to the stable.

I was glad to get home, and I could only stand and pant. I had not a dry hair on my body, and

I steamed all over, Joe used to say, like a pot on the fire. Poor Joe! he was young, and as yet knew very little, but I am sure he did as well as most boys would have done.

He rubbed my legs and my chest, but he did not put my warm cloth on me; he thought I was so hot I should not like it. Then he gave me a pailful of water to drink, and I drank it all; and then, having given me some hay and some corn, he went away.

Soon I began to shake and tremble with cold, and I felt sore all over. Oh, how I wished for my warm, thick cloth, as I stood and trembled. I wished for John, but he had eight miles to walk; so I laid down on my straw and tried to go to sleep.

After a long while I heard John at the door; I gave a low moan, for I was in great pain. He was at my side in a moment; I could not tell him how I felt, but he seemed to know all about it. He covered me up with warm cloths, made me some warm gruel, which I drank, and then I think I went to sleep.

John seemed to be very much put out. I heard him say to himself, over and over again, "Stupid boy! stupid boy! no cloth put on, and

I dare say the water was cold, too"; but Joe was a good boy, after all.

I was now very ill; a strong inflammation had attacked my lungs, and I could not draw my breath without pain. John nursed me night and day, and my master, too, often came to see me. "My poor Beauty," he said one day, "my good horse, you saved your mistress' life! yes, you saved her life." I was glad to hear that, for it seems that the doctor had said if we had been a little longer it would have been too late.

John told my master he never saw a horse go so fast in his life; it seemed as if the horse knew what was the matter. Of course I did, though John thought not; at least, I knew that John and I must go at the top of my speed, and that it was for the sake of the mistress.

—From "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewell; copyright, Jarrold & Sons, 10 and 11 Warwick Lane, London (by permission of the Publishers).

To pray is to act towards God, as the child does to its mother. It is to throw oneself in tears into God's arms and ask Him to console and heal us. It is to remain in His presence. It is to speak our wants to Him and praise Him and thank Him. Prayer is the Key of all God's treasures. Carry it always so that you may be ready to use it always.

XLI.—THE BEAVER.

In looking at the Canadian coat of arms we find the picture of an animal called the beaver, once very common in those districts of our country which are near streams and bays.

A beaver's body is about three feet in length. Its two fore paws are made almost like little hands, and can work very cleverly. Its hind feet are spreading and webbed so that it can swim, while the tail is broad and flat, and covered smoothly with scales. This tail serves as a rudder to guide the beaver through the water; and he makes a peculiar noise with it on the surface of the water when he wishes to call his comrades.

This strange animal has two coats of fur of reddish brown. The outside coat consists of long, coarse, glossy fur; and hidden under this is a soft, silky one. It is this latter which is used for making beaver hats.

Beavers are great little lumbermen. They do their wood-cutting with their front teeth. They first gnaw a tree all round, until they have gnawed it nearly through. Then they look carefully to see which way it is going to fall. Having settled this, the beaver goes to the safe side and bites away till down comes the tree.

After felling the trees, the beavers cut up the trunk and branches into logs about five feet in length. These they store in their huts for food, or use for building their dams. When they do not find the water deep enough for swimming or for safety, they build a dam with mud and these logs. Since they do not come out of their huts during the winter, they take a large supply of logs into their huts.

These huts are built with great instinct. They have neither windows nor doors, and are two stories high. One story is under water, the other being above. The entrance is beneath the surface of the water. Some of them are set close against the bank, others at different points in the bed of the stream.

The logs which these busy woodmen hewed down are stored for winter use in the lower part of the huts. They themselves sleep in the upper part, on beds made of leaves and tender bark. The centre of the hut is left open. In order that they may at any time be warned of danger, they generally sleep with their tails hanging down into the water.

Sometimes as many as ten or twelve beavers live in the same house. They are neat house keepers, and everything about them is kept very clean. Baby beavers live on their mother's milk, and remain under her special care till they are two years old. They then begin to build houses for themselves. The mother can walk about on her hind feet with the aid of her tail, carrying her babies in her arms.

The flesh of the beaver affords delicious eating, but it is chiefly on account of the fur that they are caught by the trappers.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
  At home, abroad, at school,
Do your best with right good will;
  It is a golden rule.

XLII.—THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor,
When the morn was shining clear.

XLIII.—HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD LUCK.

My friend Henry went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied. He intended to send it to a sick child whose appetite was gone, and who could not be coaxed to eat common food. Henry thought that such a pretty cake might tempt even the sick.

While he was waiting for the change, a little boy, six or eight years old, clad in poor but clean clothes, came into the baker's shop. "My mother sent me for a loaf of bread," said he to the baker's wife. The woman took from the shelf of four-pound loaves the best one that she could find, and put it into the little boy's arms.

My friend Henry then first noticed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow.

"Have you any money?" asked the baker's wife.

The boy's eyes grew sad. "No, ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin jacket. "But mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow."

"Run along," answered the good woman, kindly; "carry your bread home, child."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the poor little fellow.

My friend now came forward for his money. He had put his cake into his pocket, and was about to go, when he saw the child, with the big loaf in his arms, still standing in the doorway. He was surprised, for he had supposed that the lad was half way home.

"What are you doing there?" asked the baker's wife, who, too, had thought him fairly off. "Don't you like the bread?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," answered the child.

"Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you stay any longer she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding."

The child did not seem to hear. The baker's wife then went up to him, and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"I was wondering what it is that I hear singing," he answered.

"There is nothing singing," she said.

"Yes, indeed, there is!" cried the little fellow. "Can you not hear it? It goes, queak, queak, queak, queak!"

My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets — frequent guests in bakers' houses.

"It is a little bird," said the child; "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples often do."

"No, indeed," said the baker's wife, "those are crickets which you hear. They sing because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."

"Crickets!" cried the child. "Are they really crickets?" Then he added, blushing at his bold request, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."

"Give you a cricket!" said the baker's wife, smiling. "What in the world would you do with a cricket? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them; they run about so."

"O, ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please," said the lad, clasping his thin hands under the big loaf. "I have heard that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother would not have so much trouble, and would not cry any more."

"Why does your mother cry?" asked my

friend, who could no longer avoid joining in the conversation.

"Because there are so many bills, sir," said the little fellow. "Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all."

My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, into his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile, the baker's wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakehouse. She persuaded her husband to catch four of the insects and put them into a box, with holes in the cover through which they might breathe. She then gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.

The baker's wife and my friend stood for a moment silently watching him as he trudged down the lane. "Poor little fellow," said they both together. Then the woman took down her account book, and, finding the page on which the mother's account was kept, she made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, Paid.

Meanwhile my friend had put up in a paper all the money he had in his pockets, and now he begged the good woman to send it at once to the mother of the little cricket-boy. She took the money and inclosed it with her bill, receipted,

and a note saying that her son would one day be a joy and a pride to her. All these things they gave to the baker's boy, and told him to make haste.

The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, and when he reached home he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with her work laid aside, and a smile of happiness on her face. He really believed that it was his four black crickets which had worked the miracle, but it was his heavenly Father's sweet care of him.

XLIV.—THE TWO CHURCH-BUILDERS.

A famous king would build a church,
A temple vast and grand;
And, that the praise might be his own,
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame,
Upon a tablet broad and fair,
In letters all aflame
With burnished gold, the people read
The royal builder's name.

Now, when the king, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come
(A halo round his head),
Erase the royal name, and write
Another in its stead.

What could it mean? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came;
Three times he saw that angel hand
Erase the royal name,
And write a woman's in its stead,
In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne,
To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone;
And so it was the courtiers found
A widow poor and lone.

The king, enraged at what he heard,
Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
And to the woman, trembling sore,
He said, "'Tis very clear
That you have broken my command;
Now let the truth appear!"

"Your majesty," the widow said,
"I can't deny the truth;
I love the Lord,—my Lord and yours,—
And so, in simple sooth,
I broke your majesty's command
(I crave your royal ruth).

And since I had no money, sire,
Why, I could only pray
That God would bless your majesty;
And when along the way
The horses drew the stones, I gave
To one a wisp of hay."

"Ah! now I see," the king exclaimed,
"Self-glory was my aim;
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame:
'Tis my command the tablet bear
The pious widow's name." —*John G. Saxe.*

XLV.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Far away, across the ocean lies the sunny land of Italy. In one of its cities, called Genoa, nearly five hundred years ago, a hero was born. His name was Christopher Columbus, the son of a wool comber.

To become what he wished to be, the young Columbus had much to learn. Not only did he have to learn to read and write his own language, but he had to learn about ships. And he had to learn to be brave and patient, for no one can do anything without these qualities.

When Christopher grew to be a young man he went to sea; and on one of the voyages saved the lives of a captain and his crew by his bravery in a storm.

In the time of Columbus people thought that the earth was flat, and they believed that if they went to the edge they would fall off. They were afraid to go far from land. Another reason why they did not go out of sight of land was that they had no compass. They were afraid of losing their way.

But about this time the compass came to be used at sea. Then Columbus heard some old seamen express the thought that the earth was not flat but round. Columbus believed that this was the right view, and he spoke openly: "I know that the earth is round. I will sail west and will reach India that way."

He wished to get ships to prove what he said; but nobody believed him. He spent many years going from place to place, trying to get rich people and princes to enter into his plan, and give him money and ships to make a voyage.

At last he went to Spain with his young son. They stopped at the gate of a convent, and Columbus asked for bread and water for his

child. He was well received, remained at the convent, and explained to the monks his idea and wish. The Superior encouraged him, and introduced him to the court of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.

Others did not believe in Columbus, but the Queen did, and she helped him after a delay of many years. She gave him money to fit out three ships, and she sent men to sail with him from a port called Palos.

The ships were named *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Nina*. Holy Mass was offered, and all the sailors received the Blessed Sacrament on the morning of their departure, the third of August, 1492.

Day after day passed. The little ships were alone on a wide sea. No land was in sight. The winds blew, and the waves ran high. The sailors were afraid, and begged Columbus to turn back.

But Columbus was not afraid. He talked with his men until they were quiet and promised to sail on for three days more. Two days passed, and no land. On the third morning there came towards the ship, floating upon the water, a branch with berries. Hope rose in the timid

hearts. Before night the welcome cry of "Land" rang from ship to ship.

What joy filled the heart of the brave Columbus! He led his men, in smaller boats, to the land, and, planting the Cross upon the shore he knelt and gave thanks to God, and took possession of the new country in the name of Queen Isabella.

He thought the land was the India which he had come to seek. So he called it "India." Afterwards when it was found that this was not the country known before as India, it was called the West Indies; and the other India, the East Indies.

After a few months Columbus went back to Spain, his ships laden with curious treasures. He took some Indians with him. When he arrived at Palos he was welcomed with great rejoicing. The boy of Genoa had become a hero and the first discoverer of the Western World.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

XLVI.—THE LONELY CHILD.

PART I.

How merrily the birds sing! How happily the flowers nod their heads in the summer sun! And the clouds chase one another in a happy game of tag across the sky. How the cows lie down on the soft grass, and look so contented that we cannot help laughing at them! No wonder the girls on the village green are singing.

But Rose sat by herself on the common, and frowned at it all. She was not a winning child.

Like all children she wanted only a little to make her good. Her heart was deep enough, but it was too narrow,—she was lonely.

Her life was lonely; for her father and mother had died when she was very young. Then she was placed in a boarding school. And afterwards, while still young she was sent to Australia. During the voyage a storm arose, and the ship was wrecked. Rose floated on the top of the dark waves, as if her white frock, which was spread out on the waters, held her up. Now she was lonelier than ever.

She was afraid. No wonder. The wonder was that it was the first time she was afraid. It changed her. She had often said her prayers before, and she made a very short prayer now. But there was something in it, and she had no sooner made it than fear passed away, and she felt quite safe on the tossing black waters.

Suddenly by her side a beautiful angel seated himself. In his hand was the branch of a curious tree. Its leaves were very green, and the sweet smell of them almost took her breath away. Her life-long feeling of loneliness passed away.

"Rose," said the angel, "come with me." And he touched her eyes and mouth and nose and ears with the leaves of the branch, and it

seemed as if her breath had been taken away. Then taking hold of her hand he drew her down with him under the waters. They sank gently until they reached the bottom of the sea.

There was no storm there. But there was a mild, golden-green light which Rose thought must come from the angel. Trees grew there ever so high with ever such long leaves. And there was rose-colored grass. Here they sat down and the angel spoke to her.

"I am your Guardian Angel, my darling little sister. God has sent me from heaven to be always by your side, and to do you all the good you will let me do you."

"Have you left the grand heaven," said Rose, "to be with such a sad, lonely girl as I am? Everybody dislikes me, and I fear I dislike everybody."

"Yes, my child," answered the angel, "I have left heaven for your sake, but I am never sad. I cannot be sad, because I always see God."

"Do you see God in these green waters?" asked Rose trembling. "Yes!" said the angel, "and these trees and fishes which you see are not nearly so beautiful as your soul." "Oh! God cannot think my soul beautiful, it is so naughty and sulky," was the reply.

"Ah! Rose," the angel said, "but God thinks it very beautiful although it is naughty. He loves you so tenderly, and so much more than you deserve. And because God loves you, my little sister, I love you, and it fills me with joy to be near you."

Then Rose began to cry. She hardly knew why she wept; but as she wept she seemed to be weeping her lonely, narrow life away. And the golden light of the angel seemed to go into her, and turn itself into a new heart for her. When she had done weeping, all her old heart was gone and all her new heart was come.

"O dear angel," said she, "I have a new heart." And the angel laughed, and his laugh sounded like many silver bells. It made her merrier than she had ever been in all her life before. "It is true," replied the angel, "you have a new heart; but I think you have new eyes as well."

Sure enough. Rose looked about her, and all things were changed. Everything seemed full of love and happiness, and in some strange way she saw that all the love and happiness came from God. There was a quiet, happy look of love in the fishes' eyes when they waved their tails about. Even the old sea, as it swung to and fro,

seemed as if it could not keep still, it was so full of joy.

This was Rose's first lesson. But the angel wished her to learn something from another of God's great books, so he lifted her out of the sea into the air. When Rose was tired, she could sit down, as if the air was a good stout cushion. The woods rang that morning with the sweet, joyous songs of the birds.

Rose thought the birds almost too joyous. They were hopping, flying about, screaming, crying, singing. They were not nearly so quiet in their joy as the fishes at the bottom of the sea. But what struck her most was that she saw angels holding up the tips of their wings lest they should fall, and a hand near each of them to rest upon when they were tired. She learned from the angel that the hand was the Hand of their heavenly Father.

One night at the end of her bird-life the angel took her to sleep in a grand orange-colored cloud in the midst of the sunset. But this night she could not sleep, she wanted to ask questions.

"My dear angel," she said, "I wonder at the immense joyousness of the birds. Why does God fill the world with so much happiness?"

"God, Himself," said the angel, bowing and shading his face with his hand, "blessed be His name, is all happiness. He made the world to fill it with His own happiness. There is only one thing in the world God does not want, and that is naughtiness, sin. Where there is naughtiness, where people are not good, there is no happiness."

"God," she said, "seems to be very much in the world of birds. O how dear is God!"

XLVII.—LITTLE ACTS OF LOVE.

It was only a cup of water with a gentle grace bestowed,
But it cheered a lonely traveller upon a dusty road;
For the way was long and weary and the resting places few,
And the sun had dried the streamlets and drunk up the sparkling dew;

None noticed the cup of water as a beautiful act of love,
Save the angels keeping the record, away in that land above;
But the record shall never perish, and the trifling deed shall live,
For Heaven demands but little from those who have least to give!

It was only a kind word spoken to a weeping little child,
But the thread of its grief was broken, and the little one sweetly smiled;
And nobody stayed to notice so tiny an act of love,
Save the angels keeping the record in the wonderful book above.

And she who had spoken kindly went on her quiet way,
Nor dreamt such a simple action should count at the last great day;
But the pitying words of comfort were heard with a song of joy,
And the listening angels blest her from their beautiful home on high.

XLVIII.—THE LONELY CHILD.

PART II.

Times and places soon after changed. Rose and the angel were living amongst the insects. This was the most wonderful world she had seen. It was the tiniest, yet it was the strongest. It could destroy the world of men, if God did not interfere to keep it down. It struck Rose that the insects were more social than the birds. They seemed for the most part to dwell in nations and cities, with kings and queens, and enjoyed one another's company in the most

cheerful way. They talked without stopping; some with tongues, some by making their wings buzz, and some by tickling each other's face with long feelers. O they were a merry lot!

Yet somehow it was strange they should be so cheerful. Millions of them were dying every moment. Every breath of air that blew, every drop of rain that fell, killed them by thousands. But they did not mourn. Rose would have liked them better if they had mourned. But they did not seem to have time to mourn, they were so busy and industrious. The love of God appeared more wonderful among the bright, tiny insects.

"O dear angel!" exclaimed Rose, "how full are the nests of the insects of God's tender love and joy. How kind they are to one another; and we children are kind to so few."

The scene changed, and Rose and the angel were living among the beasts. She was very much struck with the beasts. They seemed so much more like men than either the fishes or the birds or the insects were. What affected her most was the love the mothers had for their young.

She found no unhappiness, but there was a great deal of gentleness. It was in their voices,

and still more in their eyes. Some looked sly; and some, the horses, were like men. And the eyes of the oxen were full of love and quietness.

And one day, when she had watched them for a long time, she said: "After seeing the beasts I am more silently, more deeply happy than ever. All is love and all is joy; but there are so many kinds of love, so many kinds of joy, I am lost in wonder. One thing only do I see,—that on all God's earth there is nothing lonely."

"Then," said the angel, "we have done with earth." And he took her by the hand, and they rose up through the starlight, leaving star after star behind.

At last they came to a purple cloud, and the angel told her to look through it. There she saw the world of angels, a vast golden world of light and song. She saw that not one of that vast number had ever known what it was to be sad. They were so happy, and their happiness was love, great joyful love of God.

She saw into the inside of one angel's spirit. It seemed to her that there were oceans of happiness. When she looked for a time she turned away weeping, and said, "It is too bright. I feel all black myself while I look at it."

Then the angel showed her a golden seat between two glorious angels, and he blew gently on the mist. All was plain. There was her own name written on the seat, and she saw that if she always loved God this was to be her eternal home. And she fell back, saying: "It is too much love, too much happiness."

Once more the angel bade her look towards earth. She did so, and away down, on the Mount of Olives and in Jerusalem, she saw as it were angels acting the passion of our dearest Lord. What was most wonderful was, that the angels managed to show the inside of our Lord's Heart, as well as what He did, and suffered, and said outwardly. In all His acts and sufferings Rose saw herself always lying right in the middle of the Heart of Jesus, as if all He suffered was only for her.

She hid her face under the angel's wing, and said: "O it is too much kindness! My heart will break. Take me back to life; for I see that kindness is God's shadow falling softly and sweetly over the whole world. And now that I have seen the kindness of Jesus I am dying to be kind to some one. I do not care any longer for people being kind to me: I only want to be kind to them always kind, kind to everybody."

Years passed away. The sun shone bright over a green hill-side in Australia. A funeral was winding its slow length along the road to a graveyard. A crowd, nearly all the people of the town, followed. The poor were there. Old men on crutches, women, children, rough shepherd lads, stout laboring men—all were there, and nearly all were weeping. The priest himself was weeping.

It was Rose's funeral. She had grown up and spent her life in that town in Australia. She devoted her years, and the wealth she received, to acts of kindness. The more ungrateful any one was to her, the kinder was she to them. She died at a very old age, beloved by all who knew her and most of all by the poor. They had named her "The Kind Lady": poor Rose the lonely child, to whom none but the angel had been kind. —*Adapted by Rev. J. R. Teefy.*

A great man who had withdrawn from public life seemed always very quiet. His friends accused him of being sad. "No," he replied, "I am only serious. All around me is serious. God is serious as he watches us. Jesus is serious in His love of us. The Holy Spirit is serious when He guides us. Satan is serious when he tempts us. How then can I help being serious when all around me are so?"

XLIX.—THE HONEY-MAKER.

The honey-bee never lives alone, but always in a family with many of its own kind. The family in each hive of bees is always made up of three classes,—the queen, the drones, and the workers.

The queen is the mother as well as the ruler of the hive. In shape she is more slender than the other bees. Her body is much longer, and tapers gradually to a point. Her legs are longer than theirs, but her wings are much shorter, reaching but little more than half the length of her body.

She is armed with a curved sting, but she does not often use it, except in her wars with other queens. The color of her back is dark brown, but the under part of her body is lighter, being more of a bright orange color.

The queen-bee does no work, and she is treated with the greatest respect and attention by all the other bees. Although the hive is dark, they always know their queen. If she is killed, or by any accident they lose her, they appear to be very unhappy. They leave their work, and seem to lose all interest in it for a time.

The drones are the largest of the bee family, being nearly twice as large as the workers.

Their bodies are thick and clumsy, and covered with hairs much more closely than other bees. The head of the drone is large; so are its eyes; and its wings are very large, and quite as long as its body.

The drones have no sting; and of course they may be held in the hand without danger. They make a loud buzzing noise in flying. A family made up of a queen and ten thousand workers generally contains but five or six hundred drones.

The workers are the smallest bees of the hive. They are busy bees indeed, doing the work for all the rest. They collect the honey, build the waxen cells, take care of the young, and defend the hive, so far as they are able, from enemies of every kind.

The worker-bee has a long, slender trunk, with which it gathers the honey from the flowers; and its hinder legs have brushes and baskets to collect the pollen, and carry it safely to the hive.

No other bee but the worker-bee has these baskets. The sting of the worker is not curved like that of the queen; but it is so sharp that it will pierce through a thick leather glove.

Every bee has six legs and four wings. Its body consists of three distinct parts, and, except the head, is divided into rings. The wings are

fixed to the chest or middle part of the body. The bee's eyes are on the upper part of the head; and every bee has a pair of long horns, rising from each side of the head.

The work of the queen-bee is to lay eggs in the cells prepared by the workers. These cells differ in size, as they are meant to contain eggs that are to become drones, or those that are to become workers. The royal cell of the queen is quite different from either.

The queen begins to lay her eggs early in the spring, a single one in each cell. The eggs remain for three days, and then a little worm is hatched at the bottom of each cell.

These worms open wide their mouths for food, and are then fed by a class of worker-bees, called *nurse*-bees, with a mixture of bee-bread, honey, and water, which they make into a kind of jelly.

When the worm is nearly grown, its food is put into its mouth by the nurse-bees, very much as the old bird feeds its young. This is done for five or six days. They then make a covering for each cell and seal it over.

Here the little creature rests until the time for it to break from its shroud and to come forth into a new life as a perfect bee.

L.—THE BEAR AND THE BEES.

Some bears, going out for a walk one day,
Discovered in one of the trees
A hive full of honey, which smelt very fine,
So they stopped to make friends with the bees.
The old bear bowed low and said, "Brum, Brum;"
And the lady-bee answered, "Hum, Hum, Hum."

"Madam Bee," said the bear to the fair little queen,
"Yourself I am happy to meet!
I hope you'll invite me to share in your feast,
I'm exceedingly fond of what's sweet!"
And he tried to smile with his "Brum, Brum, Brum;"
But the bees all frowned with their "Hum, Hum, Hum."

Then the queen bee haughtily raised her head,
As she sat on her leafy throne,
And said, "Mr. Bear, as you very well know,
We bees prefer dining alone!"

Then the bear looked cross, and grunted, "Brum, Brum;"
But the bees all smiled, and applauded, "Hum, Hum."

"Heigh-ho! Mrs. Bee," said the angry bear,
"You will please to bear this in mind,
There is nothing to hinder my taking it *all*,
Since you do not choose to be kind!"
And he stalked about with a loud "Brum, Brum;"
But the bees only laughed a low "Hum, Hum."

Then the bear began to climb up the tree;
But the queen, in her firmest tone,
Called out, "Mr. Bear, I must warn you now,
You had better let *us* alone—
We are all fully armed;" but the bear sneered, "Brum!"
And the bees all savagely buzzed, "Hum, Hum!"

The soldier-bees drew out their sharp keen knives;
While the little bees giggled with glee,
"Oh, what a sore nose you will have, Mr. Bear,
When you scramble down out of this tree!"
But the bear glared in rage while he growled, "Brum, Brum,"
And the sturdy young bees piped a saucy "Hum, Hum."

Nearer he crept to the coveted prize;
But that prize he was never to gain,
For the knives pierced his nose, and his ears, and his eyes,
Till he howled with the smart and the pain:
Down he went to the ground with a sad "Brum, Brum,"
While the bees in their triumph sang, "Hum, Hum, Hum!"

"Now then, Mr. Bear," said the sage little queen,
"If you would be healthy and wise,
You must learn not to think quite so much of yourself,
And all others you must not despise!"
And the bear marched off with a sullen "Brum, Brum,"
While the busy bees buzzed with a pleasant "Hum, Hum."

LI.—ON THE WING.

In the spring and summer you go to field and garden, and you hear and see many birds. But in late autumn, or in winter, you walk abroad, and where are all the birds? A crow may sit, scolding, on a dead limb. A social robin may flit down to your door. The velvet sparrows may be balls of noise and feathers. But where are the other birds? Are they all dead?

Oh, no! They have flown off to sunny lands, where they will have mild weather, and food in plenty, and green trees. The birds migrate.

Let us take that pretty bird, the bobolink, as an example of a bird on his travels. In the winter months he is feasting and singing in the warm West India Islands. There he finds grubs, insects, and seeds in plenty. He grows so fat, that they call him the butter-bird.

About the first of April, he finds Jamaica too hot for him, and flies over to Georgia, or South Carolina. He settles in the rice-fields, and eats so much rice that he is a great trouble to the planters. They call him the rice-bird. But they are soon rid of him. About the middle of May, the rice-bird, with hundreds of his relations, goes up to Virginia.

At this time he eats May-flies, caterpillars, and various insects. But his taste for seeds continues, and he devours the young wheat and barley at a great rate. The farmers name him the reed-bird. Many reed-birds are shot and sent to market.

In spite of the guns, the bobolink seems now in the gayest hour of his life. He sings with all his might, and his black and white coat, with its touches of yellow, is at its best.

But again he starts northward. He goes up to New York, and New England, and appears in the orchards and wheat-fields, at the end of May, or the first of June. There he is called, from his song, the bobolink.

But Mr. and Mrs. Bobolink must now set themselves to the serious business of making a nest, and rearing a family. They choose a good nesting-place, and begin to build in a great hurry.

Mrs. Bobolink is not so gaily dressed as her mate. She is brown, with a little dull yellow in her plumage.

Mr. Bobolink ends his wildest songs when the little birds come from the shells. Their mouths are always open, crying for food. Mr. Bobolink is very busy feeding his children. He flies back and forth all day long, bringing insects to his nursery. The gay concerts are ended.

At this time, too, Mr. Bobolink changes his clothes. He puts on a working suit, with more brown in it. His gay plumes do not come back until the next spring.

After the little ones learn to fly, in August, if it is hot, the whole family may come to Canada for a trip. But as soon as the cool September mornings come, all the bobolinks think of the South. They gather in great companies, and turn their heads toward the West Indies.

What is contrary to God's will grieves Him, and does you harm, that alone you need fear; the thought that will stain your soul; the wish that troubles your heart; the unkind word or act that destroys your peace.

LII.—RED RIDING HOOD.

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple-barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs,
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;

Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue-jay,
Before your supper's blown away.
Don't be afraid, we are all good;
And I'm mamma's Red Riding Hood!"

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

LIII.—A LITTLE WAVE'S HISTORY.

PART I.

"Tell us a story about what you have seen this summer."

Five little folks were grouped about me before an open wood-fire, at the close of an October day of wind and snow, and I, the victim of the above demand, was lying on the rug, ready to be amused and entertained.

"Must I tell the story after all? Well, what shall it be? Shall I tell you about my travels,

and the funny little Swiss children; or shall I tell you what a little wave told me one day, as I sat on the rocks, and watched it playing in the great ocean?"

"The wave! The wave!" cried one and all. And so I began:

"My home was in a mountain," the little wave said, "near an old hut, amidst mosses and ferns. I was very small; so small you could scarcely see me, except when the sun shone on my face, and made little dimples in my cheeks.

"I was very merry, and the boy who lived in the hut near by used to throw me pebbles, and bright red berries, and sometimes gave me his yellow curls to play with.

"You might think I was afraid of the great mountain that towered up at my back, and I used to hear people say, as they passed, 'The mountains are frowning.' But I could never understand what they meant, for the great, strong things were always friendly to me, and the one in which I lived was very grateful when I would trickle down its side, and give the thirsty ferns and berries water to drink.

"Well, I was a happy little thing, with meadows before me, the music of cow-bells day

and evening, and the smiling heavens over my head.

"But, just as children grow larger, and eager to see more of the world, so I grew larger and less patient, and began to dream about the big ocean, which the boy was always talking about, where, he said, his father sailed big ships, and the moon and stars best loved to shine.

"To be sure, the sun coaxed me to forget such things through the day; but every night, when the sun and world had gone to sleep, I would look straight up at the stars, and beg them to tell me all about it. You see, I was only a very tiny mountain brook, after all, and had never seen the great ocean, so far away.

"One day the wind came in a flurry, and whispered strange things to me; the thunder-clouds began to cover the mountain peaks; the lightning broke the clouds into pieces, and down came a flood of pouring rain.

"The earth about me was scattered every-where, and down I came, bursting my prison bars, tumbling, rollicking, half in terror, half in delight, and unconscious of what was coming.

"Other streams ran by me, as joyous and eager as I, and, joining them, I found out that I was really on my longed-for journey to the ocean.

"'O joy!' I cried aloud, and hurried on with wonderful visions in my brain. I should soon be part of a great river, they told me, and flow into a lake. And I did, and a pretty blue lake it was, and a happy child was I for many days."

LIV.—A LITTLE WAVE'S HISTORY.

Part II.

"Still, the lake was not the ocean, and though I made friends with the leaves and little islands scattered everywhere, yet I secretly resolved to tell the lady of the lake all about it, and ask her to let me go. She came in the night, gliding along in a silver boat, with two swans at its head, up to where I was, near the sandy shore, and told me of an outlet far off. To this she led me, and with a wave of her hand she bade me be free!

"Oh, how wild I grew, and how vain I was, and how proud of my strength! I would show the people in the castle, far off there, what I could do. Four days the wind raged, and I raged too, tumbling the rocks about in my bed with so furious a noise that people afterwards

said it was louder than the roar of breakers on the beach.

"I tore up trees, banks, grasses, stones and great rocks. I let dams loose, threw pine trees across wood-paths, laying bare to the world their snake-like roots.

"On, on, in my fury, winding in and out, behind mountains, by great castles, anywhere where I could astonish and frighten! But when I came to the valley which the clouds were bathing in golden glory, little flecks of pink and blue floating in their midst; where, over the tops of the mountains, a rainbow was arching itself, each end resting in the valley below; and where, sweetest of all, I could hear children's voices chanting at vespers, I began to grow ashamed of my wildness, to flow more slowly, and to be sorry that I should be so impatient and restless.

"I was truly sorry for my naughtiness, and when I looked at the beautiful rainbow, and thought of Him who put it there just for me, perhaps, I said softly to myself: 'If God will only let me be a wave in the great sea, I will go leagues and leagues, never to be fretful again, and wait just as long as He wants me to.'

"And I did grow patient, and, though I never

thought I was pretty, children called me beautiful, trees and foliage looked down into my heart, and the willows hung their waving tresses over me. Birds came, too, and made me almost crazy with their sweet carolings.

"All the world of nature smiled and nodded at me, and I never asked myself where I was going, but flowed on, with my secret longing locked up in my bosom—God only holding the key.

"Do you wonder then, when the boundless ocean burst upon my sight, and I knew that in one short hour I should be a part of it, that not with the old wildness and dash, but quietly, and singing praises, I went along, sometimes losing sight of my love, but always knowing it was awaiting me with open arms?

"And now, here I am, one of its own children, a real little wave of the great sea, and I beat against the rocks where people sit and dream, and tell my life to all who will listen.

"The moon and stars and the warm sunshine are my constant friends; the world beneath is far more beautiful than I can tell you—coral islands, stately castles, and beautiful maidens, who shimmer the ocean with wondrous colors—blue, emerald, amethyst and gold.

"Sometimes, when the ocean is so radiant with color, I dream of the valley and mountains, and of the rainbow that taught me patience and trust, and wonder if God has reflected its beauty here for my sake. So I sing and splash against the rocks, with constant rejoicings for my happiness."

"That is the end, children," I said, after a long silence had followed, and hopeful eyes were gazing deep into the dying embers. "And now you scamper off to bed. Don't forget to think of the wave and its history when you are impatient, and feel that you cannot wait longer for what you want."

LV.—VESPER BELLS.

Hark! It is the Vesper bell,
  Sounding forth the hour of prayer;
Bow the head and bend the knee,
  God is worshipped everywhere.

Stranger in the city street,
  Lift thy soul to Heaven above;
Peasant toiling in the field,
  Now adore the Eternal Love.

Man of wealth, thy pleasure leave;
Merchant cease from trade and gain;
Humbly worship now the King
Who for human guilt was slain.

Hushed be every busy sound;
Let a solemn silence fall
O'er the lowly cottage home
And the proud, ancestral hall.

Send your music o'er the land,
Evening bells of faith and prayer!
Holy thoughts of faith and Heaven
Gently breathing everywhere.

LVI.—ST. CYRIL.

We must not suppose that none but priests and bishops died as martyrs. Many soldiers of the empire were put to death; and besides these, a great number of women, and even of children, bravely confessed the faith.

Among these was a young boy named Cyril, whose father was a pagan, and turned his son out of doors, because he would not worship idols. Cyril had been baptized and instructed; and it is said he had so great a love for our Divine Lord, that the name of Jesus was almost always on his lips. That sweet name gave him courage and confidence, and he felt sure that if his earthly father deserted him, his Heavenly Father would never give him up.

When the governor of the city heard what had happened, he sent for Cyril, and said to him, "My boy, I will pardon your fault, because you are a mere child. Your father, too, has consented to take you back home again; so all you have to do is to give up your foolish superstitions;" for it was thus the pagans always spoke of Christianity. But Cyril at once replied, "I am not afraid; God will take me, and I shall be better off with Him than with my father."

"Silly child!" said the governor, "will you wander about, without a home to go to, or a place in which to lay your head?"

"I shall have a larger and better home in heaven," said Cyril. "I do not fear to die; for after this life there is another life which is far better."

Then the governor tried to frighten him; he had his hands bound, and led him to a great burning pile. "Do you see that?" he said. "This pile is to burn you, if you will not renounce Christ." Cyril did not even reply, but walked firmly up as though to give himself to the flames. Beside the pile stood a soldier with a huge sword, but Cyril showed no fear. "Come, now," said the governor, as he led him back again, "you have seen what fire is, and what a sword is like; you will be a good child now, and go home to your father, and do as he has bid you?"

"I wish you had not brought me back," replied Cyril; "I want to go to my own home. I do not fear either the fire or the sword; I only want to go to God; for I know that He will welcome me. Kill me, then, that I may go to Him without more delay." As he spoke these

words, even the cruel pagans who stood round him, shed tears; but the governor told him he should have his wish. He was taken back to the place of execution, and was immediately put to death, about the year A.D. 260.

LVII.—THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.

What a charming world is the world of flowers! They are so bright and gay, and so different. God seems to have made them more to please our senses of sight and smell, than for our wants. Yet they are most useful. They stretch forth their leaves, like arms, to catch the air and the sunshine. It is their changing beauty though which charms. They open their flowers in spring, like treasures, to pour upon us their wealth of sweet smells and health-giving balm.

Did you ask how they grow? That is a hard question, my child; and one which God alone knows how to answer. But we can learn something about their growth.

The flower has several little blades standing round in a ring. Some flowers have only three blades, some four, others more blades, in the ring. Then again the little blades may not stand

apart from one another; but may all be joined together, making the flower hollow, like a cup or bell.

If you look into some flowers you will find little thread-like things called stamens. On the end of each is a hollow knob, often about the size of a pin-head. There are other little thread-like things in the centre of the flower, very similar to the stamens. They are called pistils.

The knob on the top of the stamen holds the flower-dust or pollen. When the pollen is ripe, the box bursts open, and out the golden dust flies; and as it falls upon the pistil, there the growth takes place. The pollen or flower-dust had to come from the stamen, or no seed would have grown in the pistil.

But when the grain of pollen falls on the pistil then it starts to grow. It puts out little threads like roots. These grow down into the seed case. Then the young seed, so small that it cannot be seen, begins to grow. The work of the blossom is done. The petals or blades fade, and soon wither, while the seed keeps growing until it gets ripe. As the seeds ripen, the bag or case becomes brittle. You know that when peas are ripe they are easily taken from the shell.

We must learn a little about how the plants grow which produce the blossoms or flowers.

A child grows by eating. So does a plant, or rather, by drinking. The food of the plant must come to it in a liquid form. The plants suck water out of the ground by small mouths at the tips of the root fibres.

You have a stomach in which the food is changed so that it makes good blood to warm and nourish you. The plant has no stomach, but the leaves serve the same purpose.

In the leaves the plant-food is turned into stuff like the plant. The leaves themselves take in food from the air. Each leaf has on the lower side a great many fine holes. These suck in the part of the air suited for food. This joins the sap or juice that has come up from the roots, and the two together make the food on which the whole plant feeds.

It is only in the green parts of the plant that the sap is changed to true plant material. What was at first mineral is now vegetable or plant matter. And now that the sap is fit for plant food it starts out to run through the plant, to build it up. Here it builds root, there leaf, here stem, and there flower or seed.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above.

LVIII.—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,—
Yes, forever and a day,—
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

—Henry W. Longfellow.

LIX.—PLANTS AND THEIR PARTNERS.

There is a good deal of partnership in nature. But young people would hardly think that plants had partners in their business. Yet so it is. The business of plants is to grow seed. In fact, God gave them a great work to do. They have to feed and clothe the world. All our food, clothes, light and fuel come from plants.

"Stop!" do you say? We burn coal, and that is not a plant—it is a mineral. Yes, coal is now a mineral, but at first it was a vegetable. All the coal-beds were once forests of trees and ferns.

Now we must bear in mind that plants themselves do not move about from place to place. They must then take in partners who will serve them, as the railway, or the boat, or the horse serves man. The plants formed a partnership with the birds and insects

In our other lesson upon plants, we learned that the great aim of the flower was to get the flower-dust safely landed on the top of the pistil. That is not so easy as you might think. Some plants do not carry the stamens and pistils all on one flower. The stamens with their flower-dust boxes may be in one flower, and the pistil with

its sticky cushion to catch the pollen or flower-dust in another.

More than that, these flowers, some with stamens and some with pistils, may not even be all on the same plant. The poplar-tree has its stamen-flowers on one tree, and its pistil-flowers on another. In the palm-tree it is the same

Now you see quite plainly that, in some way or other, the pollen has to be carried about. The insects do much of this work for the flowers.

It was God, of course, who formed the partnership. When the insect goes to a flower he does not know that he is needed to carry something for the plant. He is there simply to get food. But every partner must have some share in the profit, so the insect partner has honey for his gain.

Into the flower goes the insect for honey. As it moves about, eating, it becomes all dusty with pollen. When it has eaten the honey of one flower, off it goes to another.

Now at this point the wisdom of God again shows itself. Insects feed for a long time on the same kind of flowers. Watch a bee. It goes from clover to clover, not from clover to a different kind of flower. Insects do this, even if they have to fly far to seek the same plants.

This is in order that the insect will get the pollen to the right flower. It would not do to waste the clover pollen on a daisy.

Each sort of flower has what will coax the right kind of insect, and keep away the wrong ones. What has the flower besides honey to coax a little visitor? It has its lovely color and its sweet perfume.

Flowers that need the visits of moths, or other insects that fly by night, are white or pale yellow. Flowers that need the visits of day-flying insects are mostly red, blue or purple.

There are some flowers, as those of the grass, which have no sweet perfume and no gay colors. They do not need insects for partners. Their partner is the summer wind. It blows the pollen of one plant to another.

A member of this great firm is the bird. Birds carry the seed about. If the ripe seed fell just at the foot of the parent plant, and grew, they would soon choke one another to death. Seeds must be carried from place to place. Some light seeds, as those of the thistle, the dandelion, and the maple, are carried about by the wind. But most seeds are scattered about by birds.

The birds are, like the insects, coaxed to pay a visit to the plant by hunger. The bright red

cherry or the strawberry attracts them. In eating the fruit they scatter the hard seed here and there. In fact they carry seeds from land to land as well as from field to field. They fly over the sea, and bring the seeds to lonely islands which otherwise might be barren.

We thus see God providing for man by making plants, insects and birds enter into a great and useful partnership.

LX.—PENTECOST.

When the Apostles knew for certain that their divine Master was about to part from them, sorrow filled their hearts. In order to make up for this great loss our Blessed Lord promised, on the night before He died, to send them the Holy Ghost, who would console and strengthen them, who would teach them all truth, and who would remain with them and those who would succeed them, forever. Then, when he was about to ascend to heaven, He bade the Apostles wait for the promise and the coming of the Holy Ghost.

Accordingly they retired to an upper room, where they spent ten days in fasting and prayer, with our Blessed Lady. On the tenth day after

our Lord's ascension, which would be fifty days after Easter, fell a great Jewish feast called Pentecost. And on this day, while the Apostles were at prayer, there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind, and it filled the whole house. Then appeared the strange sight of parted tongues, as it were of fire, and one of these tongues sat upon each of those present. It was the Holy Ghost filling the Apostles with the fire of divine love, and forming them for the work of preaching the gospel and building the Church.

This day of Pentecost may be said to be the birthday of the Church. That upper room was the nursery where the faith in Christ was first cradled. The Apostles went from it full of wisdom and courage to preach the name of Jesus, and glad to shed their blood for Him who had died for them.

Since we are speaking of the Apostles, it would be well to know their names. Their lives were so holy, their deeds so great, and their work so important, that they should be stored in the heart and memory of every Christian.

They were twelve in number, and were chosen by our Blessed Lord to go forth with His power, to teach His doctrine, and establish His Church. The first was Simon, to whom Jesus gave the

name of Peter, and who was appointed head of the Church. Then there was Andrew, Peter's brother, who had brought Peter to our Lord. James the greater, and John, both sons of Zebedee; Philip and Bartholomew, Thomas, called Didymus, and Matthew the publican, James the less, son of Alpheus, and Jude, his brother, and Simon, who is called Zelotes, are the names of the others, who, having been with Jesus through His public mission, were present in the upper room on the day of Pentecost. The twelfth was Judas Iscariot, who had betrayed his divine Master, and who hanged himself. To fill the place of this apostleship from which Judas had fallen, the others, with Peter at their head, chose Matthias, so that the number was again complete. We must not confuse the two terms, Apostles and Evangelists. The latter were those who wrote the gospels; the former had been specially selected by our Lord to be His witnesses and to found His Church. Two of the Apostles are Evangelists—Saints Matthew and John. The other two gospels were written by disciples. Saint Mark was a disciple of Saint Peter, and Saint Luke is generally considered to have been a disciple of Saint Paul.

—*Rev. J. R. Teefy*

Civility costs nothing and buys everything.

LXI.—HYMN TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

O God, how ought my grateful heart
To praise thy bounteous hand,
Who send'st thy angel from the sky
To be my guide and friend.

My soul is surely something great,
Meant for eternity,
That angels thus should be employed
In watching over me.

O Holy Angel watch by me
Amidst the gloom of night,
And let no unbecoming thought
With sin my heart delight.

Celestial Guardian, thus with thee,
And by thy constant care,
May I the world's corruption flee,
And heavenly blessings share.

LXII.—FOUR SUNBEAMS.

Four sunbeams came to the earth one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do—
Not to seek our own pleasure all the day through—
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam went in at an old cottage door,
And played hide-and-seek with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One sunbeam crept to a couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a gleam of a sweet summer day—
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom—
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest;
In fancy he roamed to the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale;
And it kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
And that never should gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels should lift up the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others we've filled to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.

Distrust the pleasure that is too keenly felt.
Distrust the words that trouble or charm.
Distrust the thought you cannot confide to your mother.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

LXIII.—THE THREE BOYS.

One day, three boys were walking together towards Berlin, in Germany. The king was to visit the city that day, and there was to be a fine display of fireworks.

"I can't agree with you, Fred," said Andrew; "I say it is impossible always to do what is right;" and he picked up a stone, and threw it at some sparrows.

"Don't throw stones at the poor sparrows," said Peter. "It is cruel. Let them alone." "Indeed!" said Andrew, making a very wry face.

Soon the crying of a child was heard. Not far from the road, they saw a little girl sitting on the grass under a bush, weeping.

"Mamma!" cried the child, sobbing. "Where is your mamma?" asked Fred. The child made no answer, but cried more and more.

"Where is your mother? Tell us!" cried Andrew, stamping impatiently on the ground. The child was frightened by the rough manner of the boy, and cried louder. The only words she said, were "Mamma! mamma!"

Peter seated himself beside her on the grass, and taking her little hand in his, asked her kindly, "Will you come with me!"

"You can't go to Berlin, then," said Andrew. "You'll lose the king's procession and all." "True," said Fred. "It's late already; we must make haste."

"But we must not leave this child alone," said Peter. "Nonsense!" replied Andrew; "she'll find her way somehow. I'm off!" "And so am I," said Fred.

"But we can not leave the poor thing alone," resumed Peter. "If it grows dark, she must lie here all night. Would you like it if you were such a little child?" "Good-bye," said the boys —and off they went.

Peter remained sitting by the side of the crying child. He looked around hoping to see some one, and noticed a farm-house at a distance.

"I'll take the child there," said he. "Come, baby, I will take you to your mamma." "Mamma!" repeated the child, sobbing. "I tell you what," he said, "I'll carry you."

No sooner did Peter approach the farm-house than a nicely-dressed lady, who was coming up a lane, uttered a loud cry, and hastened to take

the child. She kissed her little one again and again, amidst tears of joy.

Meanwhile a gentleman came up from another lane, and behind him the farmer. The gentleman took Peter by the hand, and said, "My little man, you have been the cause of much joy. Where did you find her?"

"Yonder, by a fir-bush," answered Peter.

"Take this, and buy something for yourself," said the gentleman, holding out a gold coin.

"No, thank you," answered Peter; "I shall not take any thing." "Why not, my boy?" "It was my duty, sir, to take care of the child. I am glad I have found you so soon. I think I may still get to Berlin in time."

"So you want to go to Berlin to see the king and the procession? That's very lucky. We are going to drive there. You can sit on the box with the driver."

What a luxury! Peter had never sat so high in his life. And what speed!

They had driven scarcely half an hour when they overtook the two boys, just entering Berlin. "Fred and Andrew! how do you do?" cried Peter, waving his cap. The lads looked up with

an expression of surprise on their faces; but the carriage drove on under the flags and wreaths, and was soon out of sight.

That evening the three boys were walking home by moonlight. "Did you see any thing?" asked Fred, looking at Andrew. "Not a thing," was the reply. "The crowd was so great that I could not even see the king's carriage. Oh, how hungry I am." "I did not see any thing either," said Fred; "did you, Peter?"

"Yes; I saw every thing—the king, the guard of honor, the dragoons, the royal carriage—in short, every thing. I sat on the box, the driver explained things I didn't understand, and the gentleman every now and then handed me some cakes. Look here! he gave me this silver watch."

Fred and Andrew looked at each other, and were silent. I wonder what they thought.

All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Let "A Little" be your motto. Be moderate in your desires, contented with what you have. Never scorn what is beneath you, or be envious of what is above you.

LXIV.—TWO BROTHERS.

About two hundred years ago lived a monk at La Trappe, who was well known for his piety and devotion. He had lived there for twenty years, and had never spoken to any of his brother monks. So carefully did he observe the rule of silence which the Trappist monks bind themselves to do. When he was not in the chapel he was in his own cell. Now he was growing old and weak. But he never allowed himself any relief or comfort.

One morning he rose weaker than ever, but he went forth before sunrise to attend the prayers in the chapel. When he had finished, he could hardly walk back to his cell. Slowly, with tottering steps, he entered, and closing the door he stretched himself upon his bed. This bed was only a rough board covered with a single blanket. He laid himself down to die, but something seemed to trouble him.

In a few moments the door opened, and the monk who occupied the cell next to him entered. Twenty years had passed since any other had crossed that doorway. And though these two had lived together in the same convent, and in cells which were next to each other, they had

never spoken. What seems stranger, they had gone to chapel together every morning, noon and night, and neither of them had looked upon the other's face.

The monk approached the man whom he found dying. "Brother," said he, "is there anything in which I can help you?"

"The time for human help," answered the dying monk, "is fast passing away. I wish to raise my thoughts and my feelings from the world to heaven, where I hope soon to be. There is one bond which still binds me to earth. And as I approach my end it seems to grow tighter. When I entered this monastery, I left behind me a dear brother whom I deeply loved. He had given himself up to a life of sin and passion. What troubles me now is whether he has changed his life.

"If a message from me at this time could reach him I think it would do him good. If you can convey a word to him, tell him of the sorrow I feel; how important it is for him to turn to his God. Implore him—yet stay," he said, pausing, "who are you? I have seen that face—yet it cannot be."

"It is!" exclaimed the other, "it is your brother. A few months had passed after your

entrance into this convent when I resolved to follow your example. The false joys of the world had made me weary. I entered the convent, and by chance was given the cell next to yours. Tenderly as I had loved you I was determined, in penance for my sins, never to speak to you until the hour of death would arrive for one of us.

"For more than nineteen years I have heard through a crack in the wall your daily prayers and nightly sobs for me. Hard as my task was, I kept my vow and was silent. Our reward is near at hand. In silence have we spent our life on earth, but we *will* speak, my dear brother, in heaven."

The dying man raised his eyes, and fixed them on the speaker. His brother felt a feeble pressure from the hand which lay in his. A moment more and all was over: he stood alone in the silent cell. The dead monk was a count of France.

—*Adapted from Ave Maria* (*by permission of the Publishers*).

Always have more virtue than knowledge, more love than tenderness, more health than riches, and more repose than profit. Have a taste for all that is beautiful; books, pictures, music, and all that will provide your mind with healthful, pure enjoyment.

LXV.—THE WISE FAIRY.

Once, in a rough, wild country,
On the other side of the sea,
There lived a dear little fairy,
And her home was in a tree.
A dear little, queer little fairy,
And as rich as she could be.

And when she saw poor women
Patiently, day by day,
Spinning, spinning, and spinning
Their lonesome lives away,
She would hide in the flax of their distaffs
A lump of gold, they say.

And when she saw poor ditchers,
Knee-deep in some wet dike,
Digging, digging, and digging,
To their very graves, belike,
She would hide a shining lump of gold
Where their spades would be sure to strike.

And when she saw poor children
Their goats from the pastures take,
Or saw them milking and milking
Till their arms were ready to break,
What a splashing in their milking pails
Her gifts of gold would make!

Sometimes in the night, a fisher
Would hear her sweet low call,
And all at once a salmon of gold
Right out of his net would fall;
But what I have to tell you
Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher,
Or child, or spinner old
Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,
Or a coat to keep from the cold,
The gift of the good old fairy
Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher, or a fisher,
Or spinner, or child so gay,
Bought jewels, or wine, or silks so fine,
Or staked his pleasure at play,
The fairy's gold in his very hold
Would turn to a lump of clay.

So, by and by, the people
Got open their stupid eyes:
"We must learn to spend to some good end,"
They said, "if we are wise;
"'Tis not in the gold we waste or hold
That a golden blessing lies."

—*Alice Cary.*

Smiles live long after frowns have faded.

LXVI.—THE LITTLE POST-BOY.

In my travels about the world, I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life, in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me relate some of my adventures in which children took part, so that the story and the information shall be given together.

This one shall be the story of my adventure with a little post-boy, in the northern part of Sweden. Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold.

I made my journey in the winter because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should more than once have felt inclined to turn back.

But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland,

which is a Swedish province, commencing about two hundred miles north of Stockholm.

They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes, and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post-stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses are kept, but generally the traveller has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down, until long after the stars came out, and then get a warm supper in some dark-red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from

head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days.

Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up and down the northern sky with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before. "There will be a storm soon," said my post-boy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I travelled on as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. At seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travellers at the station and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with two lumber merchants; but his wife—a friendly, good woman—prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made an excellent meal.

I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was not willing to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes and smiled; and his mother made haste to say: "You need have no fear, sir. Lars is young; but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm does not get worse, you'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

The boy now put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the ear-laps of his fur cap under his chin, and a thick woollen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible; and then his mother took down the mittens of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all.

The night was dark, the snow blew, and the dark fir-trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other

we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully that after awhile my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road,—not too far to the left. Well done. Here's a level: now trot a bit."

So we went on,—sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill,—for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are: it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no ploughs out to-night we'll have trouble."

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part, I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees; there was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road: we could feel that the

ground was uneven and covered with roots and bushes.

Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I was glad to extricate myself and return. It was alarming, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt last winter up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

It was a slow task to unharness the horse, but we did it at last. Lars then led him under a fir-tree, and tied him to a branch, gave him some hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said: "Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them.

When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body. When this was done, and we lay close

together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood.

A delightful feeling of comfort crept over me, and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep.

Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen upon his elbow and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to

find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plough the road.

After they had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold, morning twilight, and in little more than an hour reached the post-house.

—*Bayard Taylor*

LXVII.—THE GOOD LITTLE SISTER.

It was a bitter winter
When Jenny was four years old
And lived in a lonely farmhouse,—
Bitter, and long, and cold.

The crops had been a failure,—
In the barns there was room to spare;
And Jenny's hard-working father
Was full of anxious care.

Neither his wife nor children
Knew lack of fire or bread;
They had whatever was needful,
Were sheltered, and clothed, and fed.

But the mother, alas! was ailing,—
'T was a struggle just to live;
And they scarce had even hopeful words
Or cheerful smiles to give.

A good, kind man was the father,
He loved his girls and boys;
But he whose hands are his riches
Has little for gifts and toys.

So when it drew near the season
That makes the world so glad,—
When Jenny knew 't was the time for gifts,
Her childish heart was sad.

For she thought, "I shall get no present
When Christmas comes, I am sure;"
Ah! the poor man's child learns early
Just what it means to be poor.

Yet still on the holy even,
As she sat by the hearthstone bright,
And her sister told good stories,
Her heart grew almost light.

For the hopeful skies of childhood
Are never quite o'ercast;
And she said, "Who knows but somehow,
Something will come at last!"

Lo, before she went to her pillow,
Her pretty stockings were tied
Safely together, and slyly hung
Close to the chimney side.

There was little room for hoping,
One would say who had lived more years;
Yet the faith of the child is wiser
Sometimes than our doubts and fears.

Jenny had a good little sister,
Very big to her childish eyes,
Who was womanly, sweet, and patient,
And kind as she was wise.

And she had thought of this Christmas,
And the little it could bring,
Ever since the crops were half destroyed
By the freshet in the spring.

So the sweetest nuts of the autumn
She had safely hidden away;
And the ripest and reddest apples
Hoarded for many a day.

And last she mixed some seed cakes
(Jenny was sleeping then),
And moulded them grotesquely,
Like birds, and beasts, and men.

Then she slipped them into the stockings,
And smiled to think about
The joyful wonder of her pet,
When she found and poured them out.-

And you couldn't have seen, next morning,
A gladder child in the land
Than that humble farmer's daughter,
With her simple gifts in her hand.

And the loving sister? ah! you know
How blessed 'tis to give;
And they who think of others most
Are the happiest folks that live!

She had done what she could, my children,
To brighten that Christmas Day;
And whether her heart or Jenny's
Was lighter, it is hard to say.

And this, if you have but little,
Is what I would say to you:
Make all you can of that little—
Do all the good you can do.

And though your gifts may be humble,
Let no little child, I pray,
Find only an empty stocking
On the morn of the Christmas Day!

—Phœbe Cary.

O light in darkness, joy in grief,
O heav'n begun on earth!
Jesus! my love! my treasure! who
Can tell what Thou art worth?
O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord,
What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty.